

The Male Quartet



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The Male Quartet

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

GEO. C. STEBBINS
AND
I. ALLAN SANKEY

FOR USE IN YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN
ASSOCIATIONS, GLEE CLUBS, COLLEGE
SUNDAY NIGHT CLASS MEETINGS AND
ALL RELIGIOUS GATHERINGS WITH
A SELECTION OF SECULAR AND PATRI-
OTIC SONGS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS



PUBLISHED BY

The Biglow & Main Co.

LAKESIDE BUILDING
CHICAGO

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NEW YORK

P R E F A C E .

To meet the growing demand for a collection of new sacred songs written especially for Male Quartets, the present volume has been prepared and issued under the title

THE MALE QUARTET.

We confidently believe that this book contains a **better selection**, and a larger variety of this class of music than has heretofore been published in one volume.

The new pieces, of which there is a large proportion, have been enriched with the choicest and **best** harmonies as well as with those that are comparatively easy and simple. Solo parts for each of the four voices have been frequently introduced and afford a pleasing variety.

In addition to the new pieces there is a choice selection of the old favorites and also a Department containing a large number of patriotic and secular songs for special occasions.

We take this opportunity of publicly expressing our appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Mr. Hubert P. Main in the compilation of this work.

THE AUTHORS.

NOTICE.

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THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., Publishers.

THE MALE QUARTET.

1 Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

Andrew Reed.

L. M. Gottschalk. Arr. by H. P. Main.

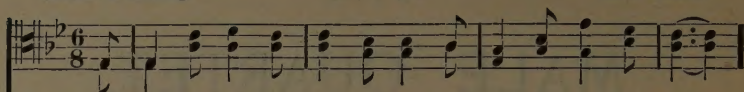
1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up -
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with-

on.... this heart of mine; Chase the shades of
 guilt - y heart of mine; Long hath sin, with -
 sad - dened heart of mine; Bid my ma - ny
 in this heart of mine; Cast down ev - 'ry

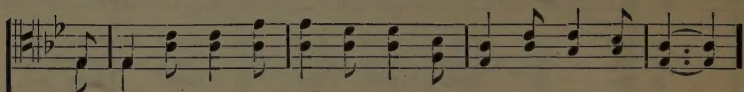
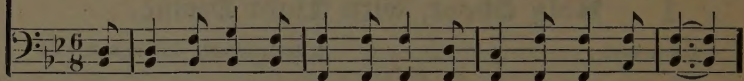
night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
 out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleed - ing heart.
 i - dol throne, Reign su - preme - and reign a - lone.

Harriet E. Banning.

Ira D. Sankey.

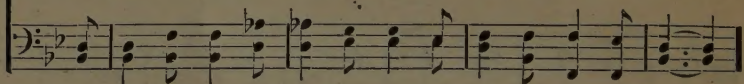


1. My ship is com-ing in at last, My ship that sailed a - far,
2. With ice-bound hull and storm-rent sail, All bat-tered by the sea,
3. And when she's anchored safe in port, With all her sails un - bent,
4. O sweet content! O vi - sion fair! Rest from the life-long strife;

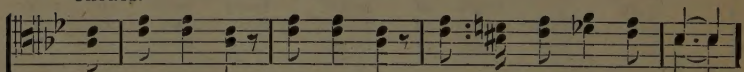


With spreading sail and fav'ring gale She's sail-ing o'er the bar.
 With wind-swept deck, al-most a wreck, She's com-ing back to me.

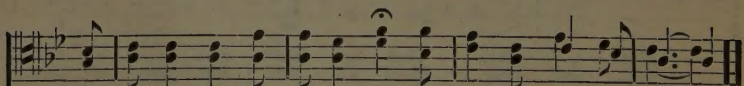
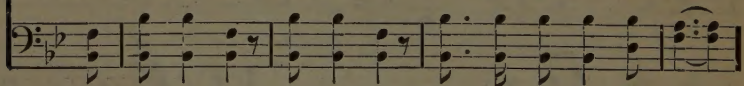
End-ed the long un-cer-tain-ty, Then I shall be con-tent.
 The peace of God, the Lord's "Well done," The joy of end-less life.



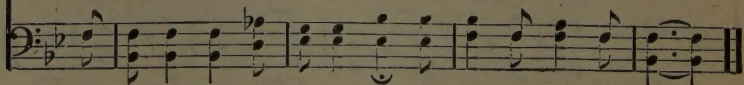
CHORUS.

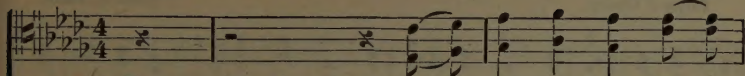


She's com-ing in, com-ing in, O - ver the har-bor bar!

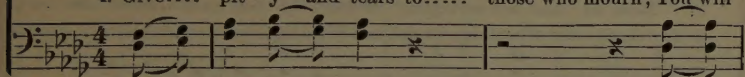


She's com-ing in, she's com-ing in, My ship that sailed a - far.

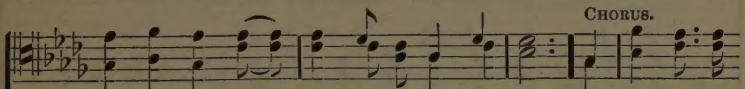
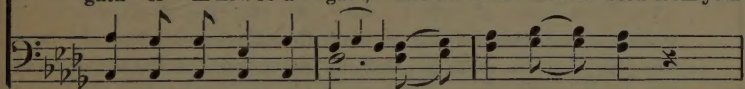




1. There are loy - al.... hearts, there are spir - its brave, There are
2. Give.... love, and.. love to your life will flow, A.....
3. Give.... truth, and your gift will be paid in kind, And...
4. Give.... pit - y and tears to..... those who mourn; You will

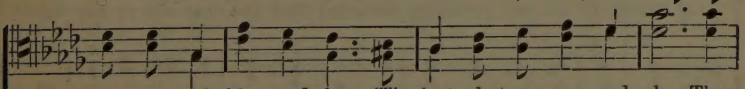
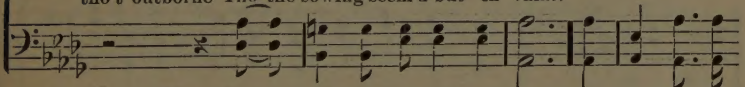


souls that are pure and true; Then.. give to the world the....
 strength in your ut - most need; Have.. faith, and a score of....
 hon - or will hon - or meet, And a smile that is sweet will...
 gath - er in flow'rs a - gain, The... scat - tered.. seed from your

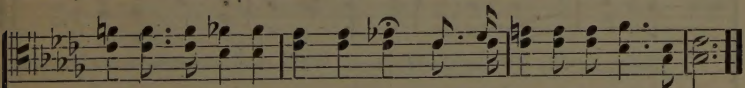
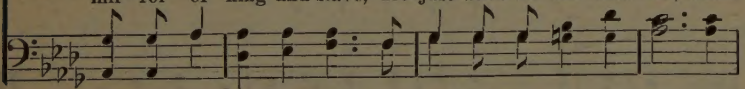


CHORUS.

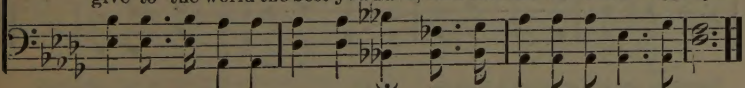
best you have, And the best will come back to you.
 hearts will show Their faith in your word and deed.
 sure - ly find A... smile that is just as sweet. } For life is the
 tho't outborne Tho' the sowing seem'd but in vain. }



mir - ror of king and slave, 'Tis just what we are and do; Then

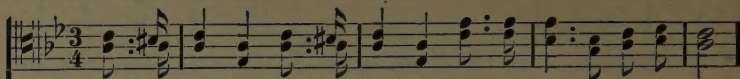


give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you.

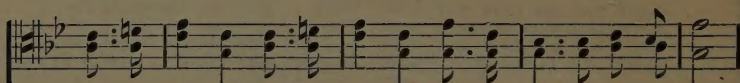


Fanny J. Crosby.

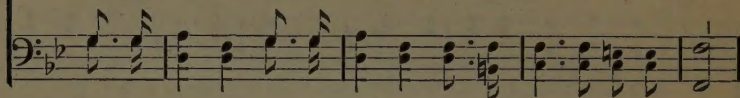
Victor H. Benke.



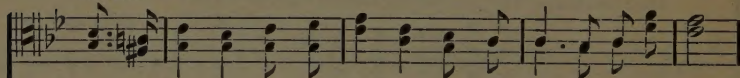
1. God is rid - ing forth to conquest; Hark! the trumpet tongue of war
2. Host on host are sweeping onward, By their great Commander led;
3. And that host shall still march onward With their helmets, shields and swords,



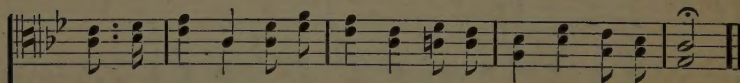
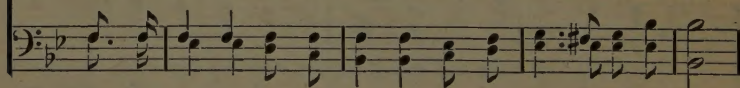
Peals a - loud, while dis - tant na - tions Hear its sounding from a - far.
To its cen - tre, earth is rock - ing 'Neath their firm and mighty tread.
Till is heard the song of triumph, "All the earth is now the Lord's."



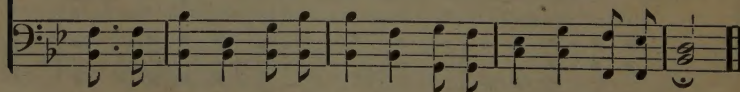
CHORUS.



See God's ar - my press - ing for - ward Bold and fear - less to the fight:

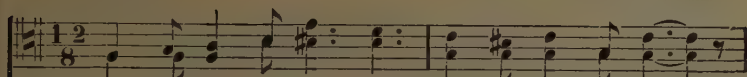


Shouting, "Glo - ry in the Highest," While they wave their colors bright.




Grace J. Frances.

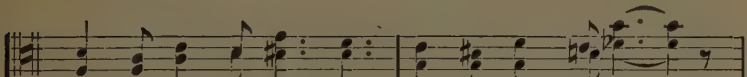
Hubert P. Main.



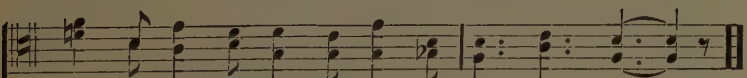
1. When the morn - ing blush - es In the o - rient sky,
 2. When the eve - ning shad - ows Gath - er in the west,
 3. Praise the Lord at all times, Nev - er be dis - mayed;



With the voice of na - ture Lift our souls on high,—
 When from toil and la - bor We a - while may rest,—
 Though we meet with tri - als, We can seek His aid.



Praise the Lord, whose mer - cy Kept us through the night,
 Praise the Lord who led us Thro' an - oth - er day,
 Praise the Lord at all times, This our glad re - frain,

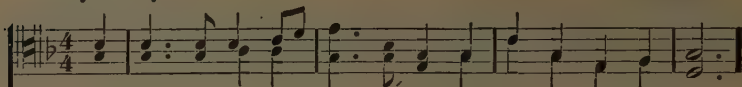


Praise Him for the bless - ings Of the dew - y light.
 Drop - ping smiles and sun - shine All a - long our way
 They who trust His mer - cy Shall not trust in vain.

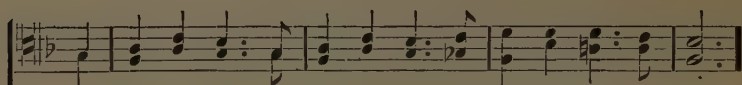
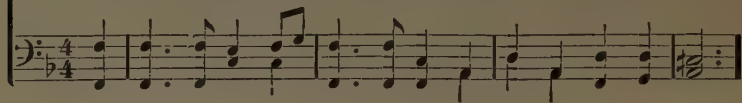
6 Be Strong, O Soldier of the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.

P. P. Bliss.



1. Be strong, O sol - dier of the cross, Nor let thy cour-age fail,
2. What tho' in dark and dread ar-ray, Thy foe a-gainst thee rise?
3. Fight on, fight on, it won't be long—The war will soon be past,



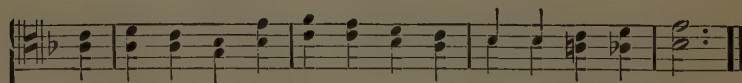
But trust in Him whose Word has said, Thro' grace thou shalt pre-vail.
O let them not thy soul af-fright, Nor take thee by sur-prise.
And thou, by faith thro' Christ, the Lord, Shalt o-ver-come at last.



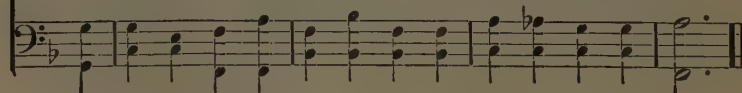
CHORUS.



Though wea-ry oft, be not dismayed, Nor lay thy ar-mor down;

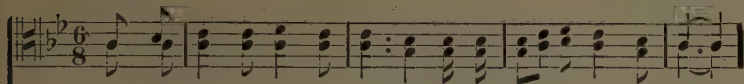


De-fend thy post, what-e'er the cost, Let no one take thy crown.

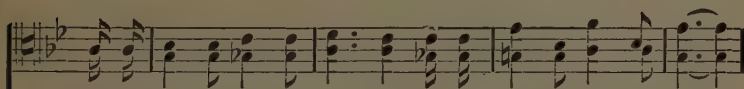
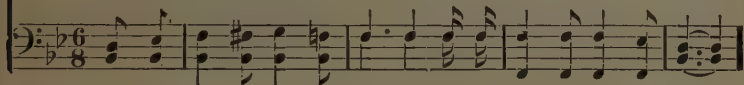


Fanny J. Crosby.

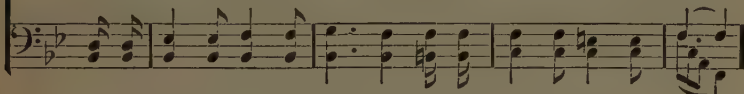
H. P. Danks.



1. We can on - ly look to Je - sus, There is no where else to go,
2. He, who car - ried all our sorrows From His cra - dle to the grave,
3. He will shield us from the tempest With a strong and mighty hand,



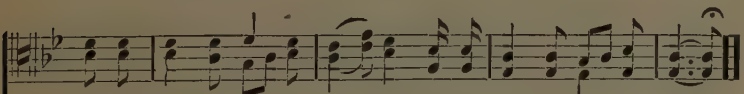
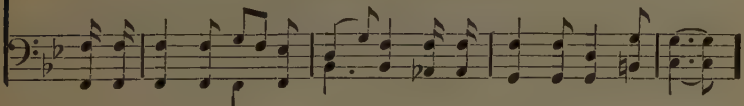
When we hear the surg - es roll - ing And the clouds are bending low.
 Will not leave our souls to per - ish On the storm - y o - cean wave.
 He will not de - sert our ves - sel, But will bring it safe to land.



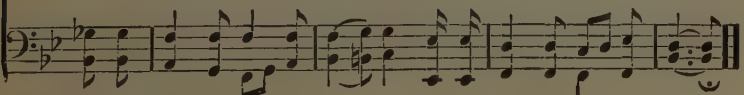
CHORUS.



From the dan - gers that sur - round us He will shel - ter and de - fend;



He is dear - er than a broth - er, He is near - er than a friend.

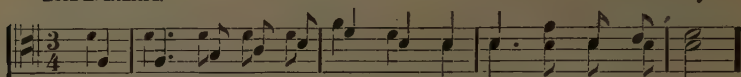


8 A Song of Heaven and Homeland.

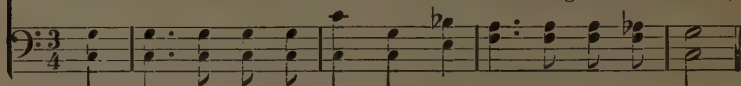
Originally written for "THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL," for Mixed Voices.

Eben E. Rexford.

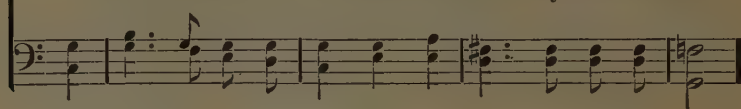
Ira D. Sankey.



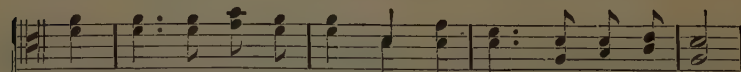
1. Some-times I hear strange mu - sic, Like none e'er heard be - fore,
2. Now soft, and low, and rest - ful It floods my soul with peace,
3. This mu - sic haunts me ev - er Like some-thing heard in dreams,



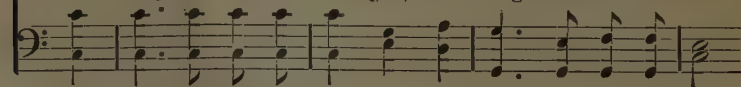
Come float - ing soft - ly earth - ward As thro' Heav'n's o - pen door;
As if God's ben - e - dic - tion Bade all earth's trou - bles cease.
It seems to catch the ca - dence Of heav'n - ly winds and streams.



It seems like an - gel voic - es, In strains of joy and love,
Then grand - er than the voic - es Of wind, and wave, and sea,
My heart is filled with rap - ture, To think, some day to come,

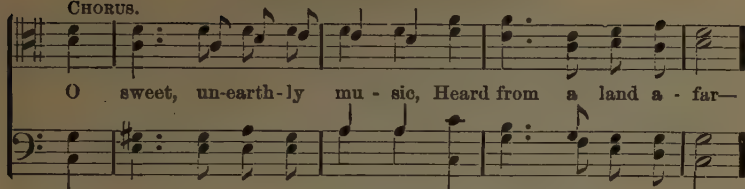


That swell the might - y cho - rus A - round the throne a - bove.
It fills the dome of Heav - en With glo - rious har - mo - ny.
I'll sing it with the an - gels, — The song of Heav'n and home.

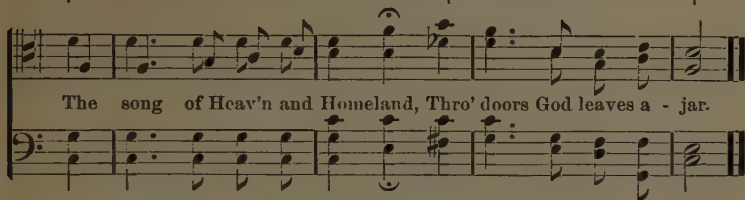


A Song of Heaven.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



O sweet, un-earth-ly mu - sic, Heard from a land a - far—

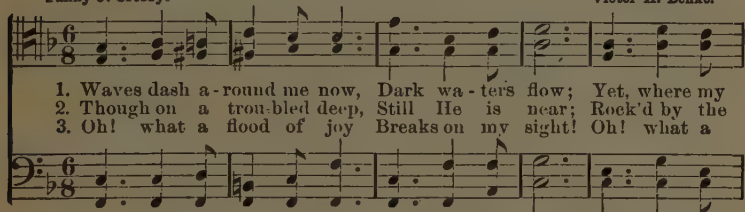


The song of Heav'n and Homeland, Thro' doors God leaves a - jar.

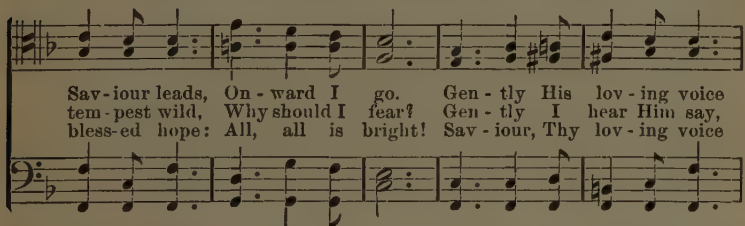
9 Rest with the Changeless One.

Fanny J. Crosby.

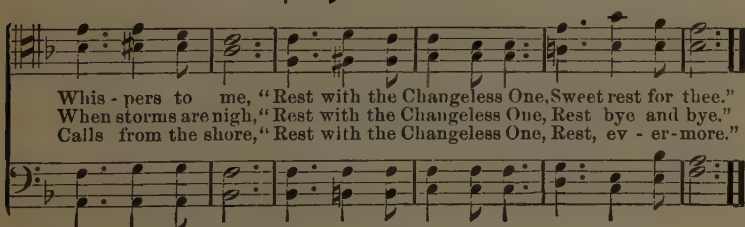
Victor H. Benke.



1. Waves dash a-round me now, Dark wa - ter's flow; Yet, where my
2. Though on a trou-bled deep, Still He is near; Rock'd by the
3. Oh! what a flood of joy Breaks on my sight! Oh! what a



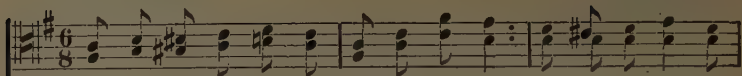
Sav-iour leads, On - ward I go. Gen - tly His lov - ing voice
tem - pest wild, Why should I fear? Gen - tly I hear Him say,
bless-ed hope: All, all is bright! Sav - iour, Thy lov - ing voice



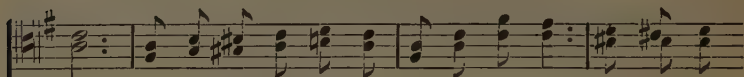
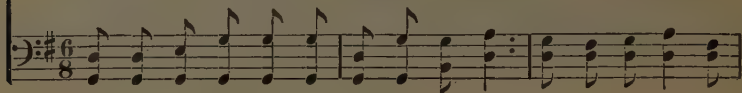
Whis - pers to me, "Rest with the Changeless One, Sweet rest for thee."
When storms are nigh, "Rest with the Changeless One, Rest bye and bye."
Calls from the shore, "Rest with the Changeless One, Rest, ev - er - more."

Mrs. E. E. Williams.

Geo. C. Stebbins.



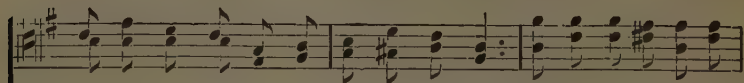
1. Some-bod - y near you is struggling a - lone O - ver life's des-ert
 2. Some-bod - y near you is hun-gry and cold—Send him some aid to -
 3. Dear ones, be bu - sy, for time fli - eth fast; Soon it will all be



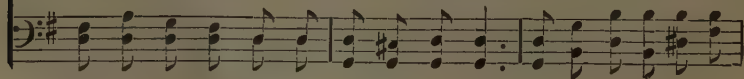
sand; Faith, hope, and cour-age to - geth-er are gone; Reach him a
 day; Some-bod - y near you is fee-ble and old, Left with-out
 gone. Soon will our sea-son of serv-ice be past; Soon will our



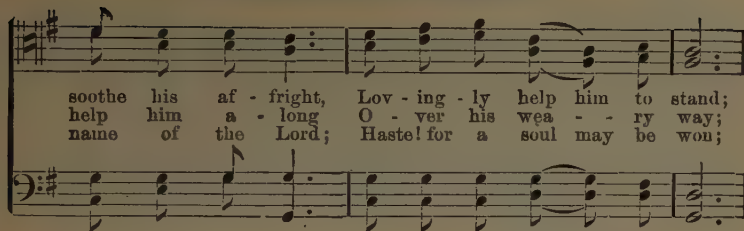
help-ing hand. Turn on his dark-ness a beam of your light;
 hu - man stay. Un - der his bur-den put hands kind and strong;
 day be done. Some-bod - y near you needs now a kind word;



Kin - dle, to guide him, a beacon fire bright; Cheer his discouragement,
 Speak to him ten - der - ly, sing him a song; Haste to do something to
 Some one needs help such as you can af-ford; Haste to as - sist in the

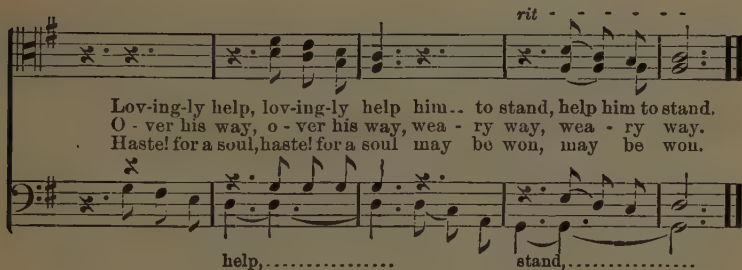


A Helping Hand.—Concluded.



soothe his af - fright, Lov - ing - ly help him to stand;
 help him a - long O - ver his wea - - ry way;
 name of the Lord; Haste! for a soul may be won;

rit - - - -



Lov-ing-ly help, lov-ing-ly help him.. to stand, help him to stand.
 O - ver his way, o - ver his way, wea - ry way, wea - ry way.
 Haste! for a soul, haste! for a soul may be won, may be won.

help, stand,

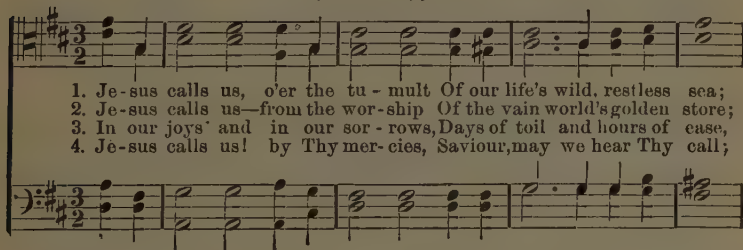
11

Jesus Calls Us.

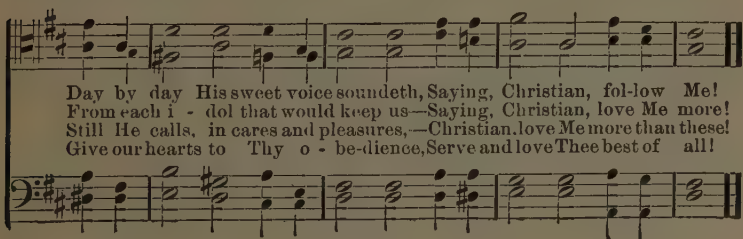
Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

(Galilee. 8s, 7s.)

W. H. Jude.



1. Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, restless sea;
 2. Je-sus calls us—from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store;
 3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je-sus calls us! by Thy mer-cies, Saviour, may we hear Thy call;



Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, Christian, fol-low Me!
 From each i - dol that would keep us—Saying, Christian, love Me more!
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,—Christian, love Me more than these!
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all!

Charlotte Elliott.

Victor H. Benke.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was

shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee,

O Lamb of God, I come, I come! 2. Just as I am,
2. Just as I am, and

and wait - ing not To rid my soul
wait - ing.. not To rid my soul of

of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood
one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can

Just as I am.—Concluded.

rit.

can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

cleanse each spot,

3. Just as I am—

Thou wilt re - ceive,

3. Just as I am—

Thou wilt re - ceive,

Wilt wel - come, par - - don, cleanse, re - lieve;

Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve!

Be - cause Thy prom - - - ise I... be -

Be - cause Thy prom - ise

lieve,—

rit.

I be - lieve,—O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Fanny J. Crosby.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus, O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fears,
 2. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I heard a voice that said,
 3. A - round the cross of Je - sus, What hal-low'd mem'ries twine!

I knelt, a lone - ly wan - d'rer, And pray'd thro' fall - ing tears.
 Re - sist the pow'r that binds thee And lift thy droop - ing head.
 A - bove its sa - cred ban - ner, What ra - diant glo - ries shine!

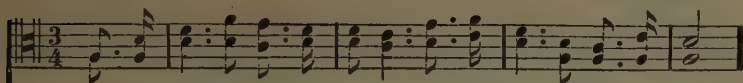
I knew that He was a - ble To heal my bit - ter woe,
 And soon, with joy un - bound - ed, I stood a new - born soul;
 And when I reach the ha - ven That lies be - yond the sea,

But Sa - tan held me cap - tive And would not let me go.
 The blood of Christ had cleans'd me, And faith had made me whole.
 My song, thro' years e - ter - nal, Re - deem - ing love shall be.

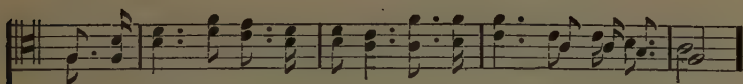
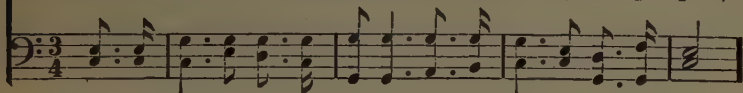
14 O be Watchful, ever Watchful.

Grace J. Brances.

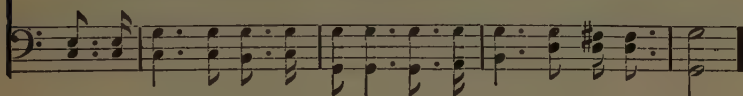
Hubert P. Main.



1. Hast thou trimm'd thy lamp, my brother, Is it burning clear and bright?
2. Is it shin-ing in the darkness Where the wea-ry waud'ers roam?
3. For the com-ing of the Bridegroom, And the marriage-feast pre-pare;



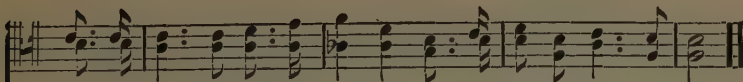
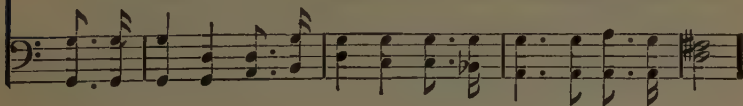
Is it shin-ing so that oth-ers, May be-hold a stead-y light?
With its rays, their steps il-lum-ing, Help to guide them safe-ly home!
Let thy lamp be trimm'd and burning When He bids thee en-ter there.



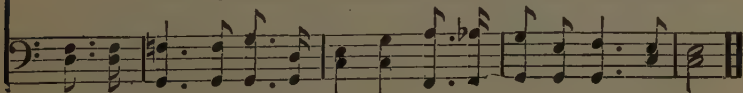
CHORUS.



O be watch-ful, ev-er watchful, For the Bridegroom draweth near;



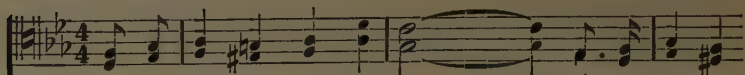
And be sure thy lamp is burn-ing, When the summons thou shalt hear.



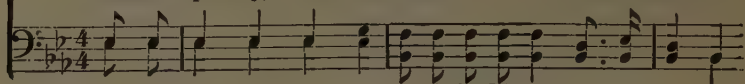
15 Let the Blessed Saviour in.

Fanny J. Crosby.

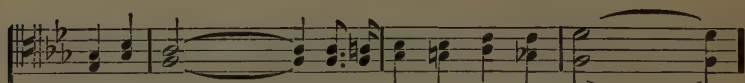
Ira D. Sankey.



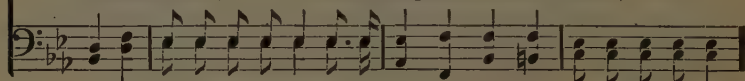
1. Let the bless - ed Sav - iour in,..... He will cleanse from
2. Still His mer - cy pleads with thee,..... Come and find re -
3. Still in pit - y, lo, He stands,..... Reaching forth His



O let Him in,

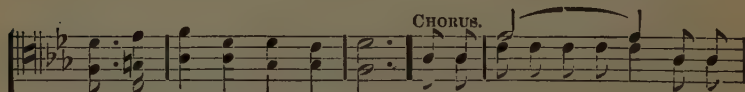


ev - ery sin;..... He is wait - ing at thy door,.....
 demption free;..... Weak and helpless tho' thou art,.....
 wounded hands;..... Grieve His patient love no more,.....



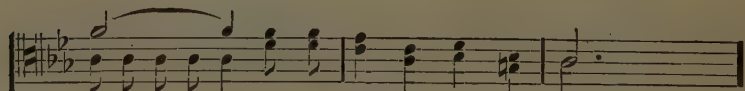
from ev - ery sin;

yes, at thy door,



Hear Him call - ing o'er and o'er. }
 He will bind thy bro - ken heart. } Let Him in,..... let Him
 O - pen now the bolt - ed door. }

O let Him in,



in,..... Let the bless - ed Sav - iour in;

O let Him in,

Let Him in;



Let the Blessed Saviour in.—Concluded.

Do not keep Him lon - ger wait - ing, Let the bless - ed Sav - iour in.

16 Remember me, O Mighty One!

Anon.

Joanna Kinkel, arr.

1. When storms a - round are sweep - ing, When lone my watch I'm keep - ing,
2. When walk - ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing mo - tion;
3. When weight of sin op - press - es, When dark de - spair dis - tress - es,

'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid temp - ters' voic - es call - ing,
When from its dangers shrink - ing, When in its dread deeps sink - ing,
All through the life that's mor - tal, And when I pass death's por - tal,

CHORUS.

Re - mem - ber me, O Mighty One! Remember me, O Mighty One!

Flora Kirkland.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. The storm of life is rude and wild—I can-not see my way;
 2. If oth-er souls on life's wild sea Have found this sweet re-lease;
 3. I nev-er knew that this could be, As all a-lone I sailed;

But hark! I hear a-cross the tide A voice ex-ult-ant say,—
 I, too, will trust in Je-sus' name, And find this port of peace.
 I nev-er knew this wondrous Christ, As oft in grief I wailed.

Tho' sor-row's rud-est tem-pest blow—He guides, He helps, He cheers.
 The way seems growing strangely bright, The storm-waves still run high;
 O, trust in Him, ye tem-pest-toss'd! O, trust this ver-y hour!

The har-bor lights of heav-en throw A ra-diance down the years.
 But now I see the har-bor light Forth-shin-ing from the sky.
 For He who calm'd the sea of old Hath still His mighty pow'r.

REFRAIN.

Safe, safe, safe! The storm I shall out-ride; Christ, my Lord, is

The Storm of Life.—Concluded.

un-err ing

my un-err-ing Guide, Is my un-err - ing Guide, un-err-ing Guide.
Is my un - err - ing Guide.

18 Welcome, Wanderer, Welcome.

Horatius Bonar, D.D.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. In the land of strangers, Whither thou art gone, Hear a far voice
2. "From the land of hunger, Fainting, famished, lone, Come to love and
3. "Leave the haunts of ri-ot, Wast-ed, woe-be-gone, Sick at heart and
4. "See the door still o - pen, Thou art still my own; Eyes of love are
5. "Far off thou hast wander'd; Wilt thou farther roam? Come, and all is

CHORUS.

call-ing, "My son! my son!"
gladness, My son! my son!"
wea - ry, My son! my son!" } "Welcome, wand'rer, welcome, Welcome
on thee, My son! my son!"
pardon'd, My son! my son!"

back to home! Thou hast wander'd far away: Come home! come home!

6 "See the well-spread table
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!"

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"

Give Us a Man!—Concluded.

And o-ver-come the night-y One, With God to guide his hand.
That all who would might en-ter in, And dwell with Him on high.

Give us a man! we hear to-day, And who is there to answer them,
To lead the hosts of God, Oh, who will take his stand,
Beneath one banner 'gainst the world, ||: And lead the vast tumultuous throng,
Along the narrow road; With God to guide his hand? :||

20

Still, still with Thee.

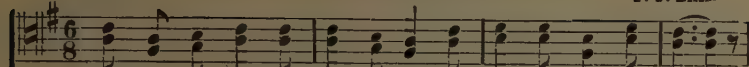
Harriet B. Stowe.

Ira D. Sankey.

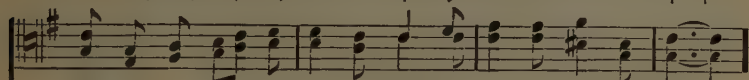
1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird
2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-enn
3. As in the dawn-ing, o'er the wave-less o - cean, The im - age
4. Still, still to Thee! as to each new-born morn-ing A fresh and

wak-eth, and the shad-ows flee; Fair - er than morn-ing,
hush of na-ture new-ly born; A - lone with Thee in
of the morn-ing-star doth rest; So, in this still - ness,
sol - enn splen-dor still is giv'n; So does this bless - ed

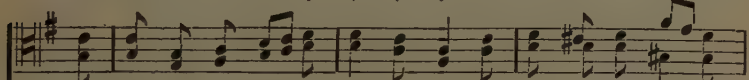
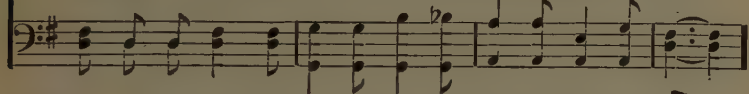
love-li - er than day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness—I am with Thee.
breathless ad-o-ra-tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
Thou beholdest on - ly Thine im-age in the wa-ters of my breast.
consciousness, a - wak-ing, Breathe each day nearness unto Thee and heav'n.



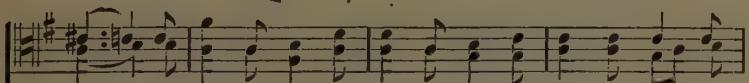
1. Give us a man! was Is-rael's cry, In days of long a - go;
 2. Give us a man! was still the cry In per - se - cu - tion's thrall;



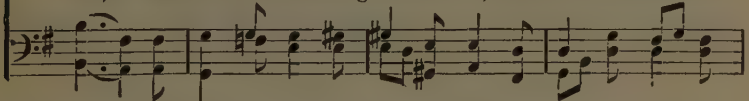
Give us a man, who will not fear To fight our dread-ed foe.
 Give us a man for us to die, That He may save us all.



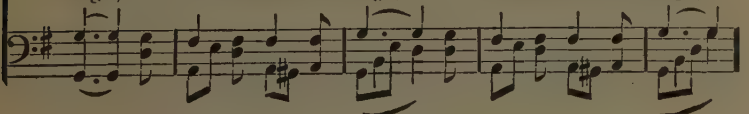
A Da - vid was there to an-swer them, A Da - vid to take his
 A Sav-iour was there to an-swer them, A Sav-iour who came to



stand, And o - ver-come the might-y One, With God to guide his
 die, That all who would might en-ter in, And dwell with Him on



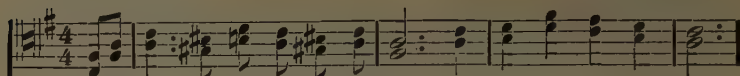
hand; With God to guide his hand, With God to guide his hand;
 high; And dwell with Him on high, And dwell with Him on high;



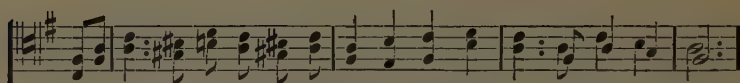
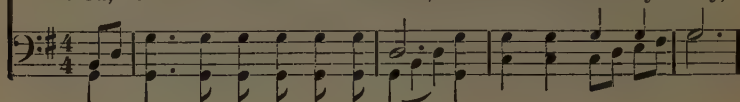
21 There is a Paradise of Rest.

W. Robert Lindsay.

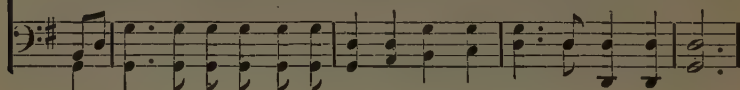
Ira D. Sankey.



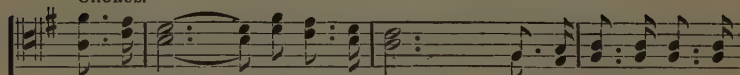
1. There is a Par-a-dise of rest On yon-der tran-quiet shore,
2. There is a cit-y-crown'd with light, Its joys no tongue can tell;
3. There is a crown, laid up on high, That Christ the Lord will give
4. Oh, then be faith-ful un-to death, Press on the heav'nly way,



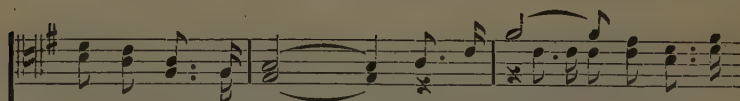
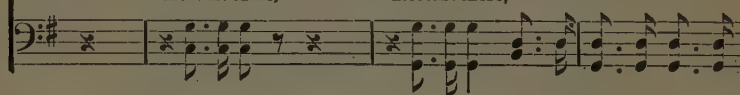
Be-yond the shadow and the gloom of night, Where toil and tears are o'er.
For they who en-ter shall be-hold the King, And in His pres-ence dwell.
To those who pa-tient-ly His com-ing wait, And for His glo-ry live.
That we may en-ter thro' the Gates of Life To realms of end-less day.



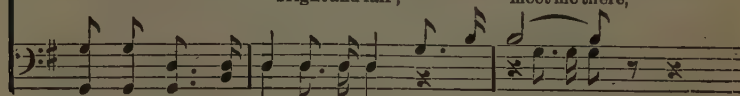
CHORUS.



Meet me there,.... oh, meet me there, At the dawn-ing of that
meet me there, meet me there,



morn-ing bright and fair;..... Meet me there,.... oh, meet me
bright and fair; meet me there,



There is a Paradise.—Concluded.

there,.... In the land be-yond the riv-er, meet me there.....
 meet me there, meet me there.

22

Hold Thou my Hand.

Grace J. Frances.

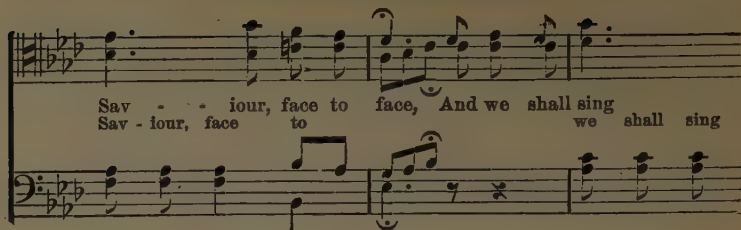
Hubert P. Main.

1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help-less, I dare not
 2. Hold Thou my hand, and clos-er, clos-er draw me To Thy dear
 3. Hold Thou my hand, the way is dark be-fore me With-out the
 4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar-gin Of that lone

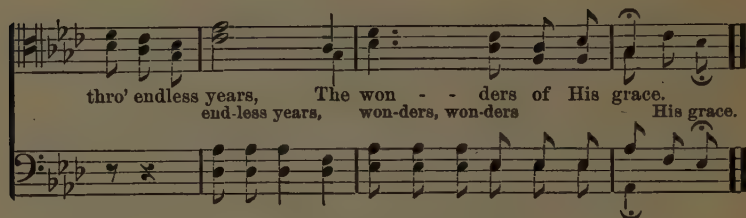
take one step with-out Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov-ing
 self—my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap-ly I should
 sun-light of Thy face di-vine; But when by faith I catch its ra-diant
 riv-er Thou didst cross for me, A heav'nly light may flash a-long its

Sav-our, No dread of ill shall make my soul a-fraid.
 wan-der, And, miss-ing Thee, my trem-bling feet should fall.
 glo-ry, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!
 wa-ters, And ev-ery wave like crys-tal, bright shall be.

A Little Whistle.—Concluded.



Sav - - iour, face to face, And we shall sing
Sav - iour, face to we shall sing



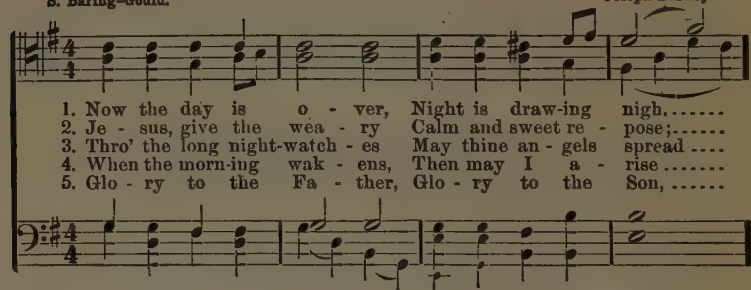
thro' endless years, The won - - ders of His grace.
end-less years, won-ders, won-ders His grace.

24

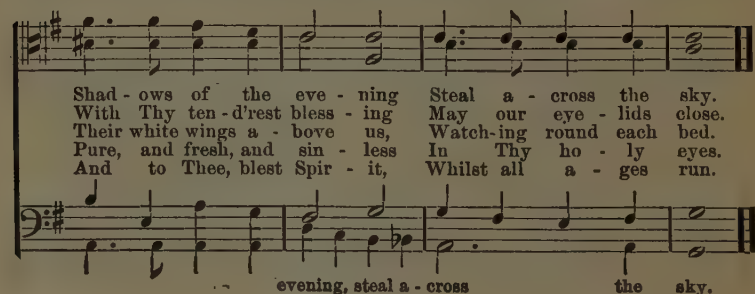
Now the Day is Over.

S. Baring-Gould.

Joseph Barnby.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh.....
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;.....
3. Thro' the long night-watch - es May thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,



Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch-ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.

evening, steal a - cross the sky.

George Paulin.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A lit - tle while (lit - tle while), and we shall be (we shall be) Where
 2. A lit - tle while (lit - tle while), and we shall stand (we shall stand) A -
 3. A lit - tle while (lit - tle while), and we shall meet (we shall meet) The
 4. A lit - tle while (lit - tle while), and we shall hear (we shall hear) The

sin (where sin) shall nev - er dwell; A lit - tle while, (nev - er dwell); (lit - tle while),
 mid (a - mid) the blood-wash'd throng; A lit - tle while, (blood-wash'd throng); (lit - tle while),
 lov'd (the lov'd) ones gone be - fore; And we shall clasp (gone be - fore); (we shall clasp),
 Sav - - iour's whisper, "Come"; And we shall ev - - (our's, Sav-) (whis - per, "Come";) (we shall ev-)

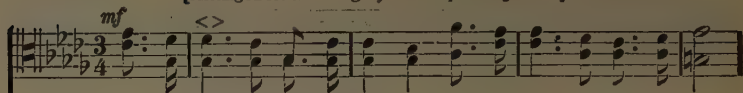
and we shall live (we shall live) Where songs (where songs) of triumph swell.
 and we shall sing (we shall sing) The ev - (ev - er -) er - last - ing song.
 their hands a - gain (hands a - gain) On yon - (der, yon -) der ra - diant shore.
 er dwell with Him (dwell with Him) In our (in our) e - ter - nal home.

REFRAIN.

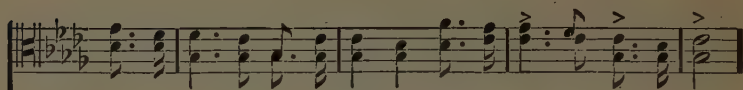
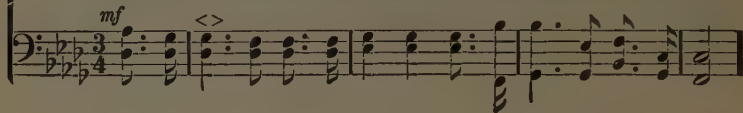
A lit - tle while, and we shall see Our
 lit - tle while, we shall see

H. Bonar.

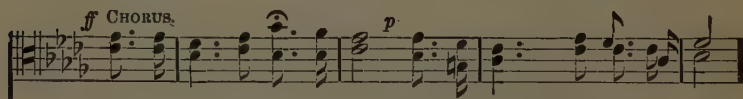
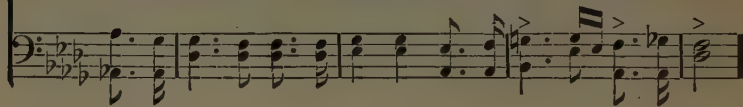
[Arranged for and sung by the Amphion Quartet.] Geo. C. Stebbins.



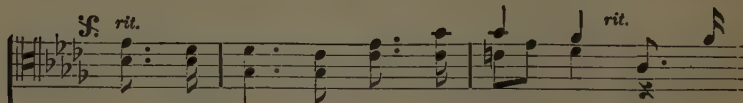
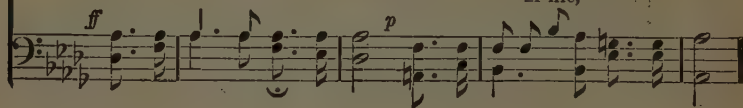
1. Light of life, so soft-ly shin-ing From the cross on Cal - va - ry;
2. Light of life that knows no fad-ing, From all changes Thou art free;
3. Light of life, that knows no set-ting, Day and night Thy beams I see;



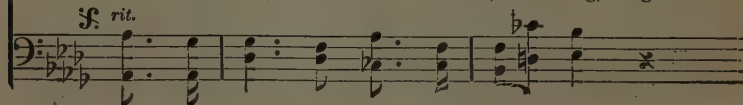
Nev - er wan-ing, nor de - clin - ing, Shine on me, O shine on me.
 Ho - ly Light that knows no shading, Shine on me, O shine on me.
 Joy and peace and life be-get-ting, Shine on me, O shine on me.



Shine on me, O shine on me, Light of life, *mf* life, O shine on me;



With the love of Je - sus beam - ing, Light of



Light of Life.—Concluded.

O shine, shine on

FINE. *

life,..... shine on me. Shine on me, O shine on
 Light of life, O shine on

me, on me; Light..... of life, O shine on me.
 Light of life, O shine on me. *D.C. al fine.*

me, on me, Light..... of life, O shine on me.

* This Refrain to be sung only after last verse, when the closing strains from *F* will be sung very softly.

26 Lord, as to Thy Dear Cross.

J. H. Gurney.

J. B. Dykes.

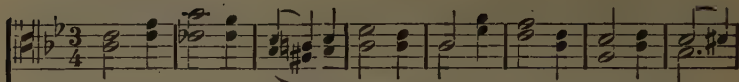
1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for-giv'n,
 2. Help us thro' good re - port and ill, Our dai - ly cross to bear,
 3. If joy shall at Thy bid - ding fly, And grief's dark day come on.

So let Thy life our pat - tern be, And form our souls for heav'n.
 Like Thee to do our Fa - ther's will, Our brethren's griefs to share.
 We, in our turn, would meek - ly cry, Fa - ther, Thy will be done!

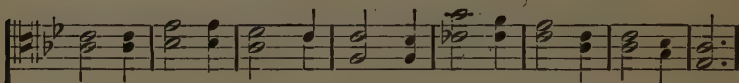
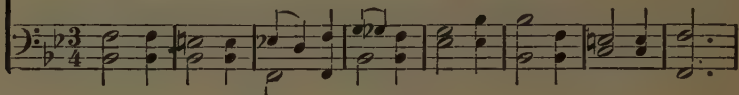
28 Keep us, Saviour, Day by Day.

Wilson Meade.

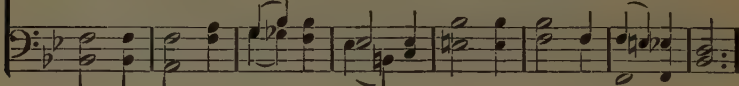
I. Allan Sankey.



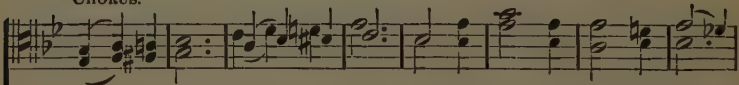
1. As Thou wilt, O Sav-iour, lead us; Where Thou wilt, di-rect our way:
2. As Thou wilt, O Sav-iour, lead us; Thine for-ev-er we would be;
3. As Thou wilt, O Sav-iour, lead us; In Thy promise we are blest;



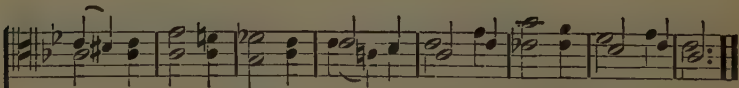
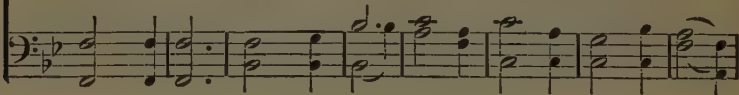
Thus in sweet and calm sub-mis-sion, Keep us ev-er, day by day.
 What Thou wilt, O Sav-iour, give us, On-ly keep us near to Thee.
 If we bear Thy yoke with pa-tience We shall find e-ter-nal rest.



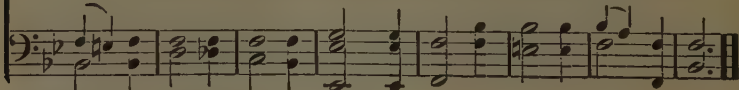
CHORUS.



Day by day, day by day; Where Thou wilt, di-rect our way;



And, in sweet and calm sub-mis-sion, Keep us, Sav-iour, day by day.



Fanny J. Crosby.

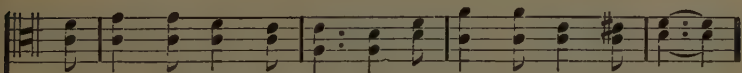
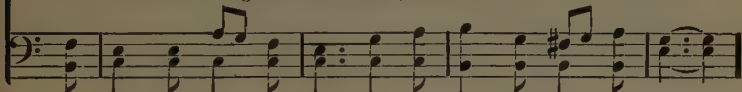
Victor H. Benke.



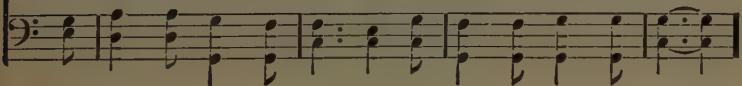
1. No hand but Thine can lead me Thro' life's dark vale of years,
2. No voice like Thine can cheer me And bid my heart be still;
3. Thou art the great De - liv - 'rer On whom I cast my care;



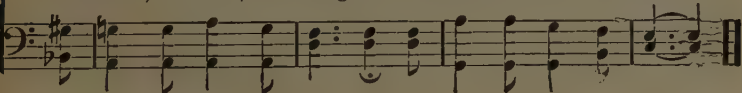
For Thou hast trod be - fore me A path of toil and tears.
 No words like Thine so pre - cious My soul with joy can fill.
 The Chief a - mong ten thou-sands, The fair - est of the fair.



Thou art my on - ly Ref - uge, Thou art the Truth, the Way,
 The sun - shine of Thy pres - ence Can chase my gloom a - way,
 In per - fect peace I jour - ney A - long my pil - grim way,

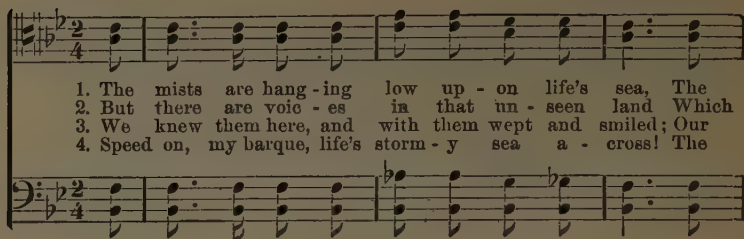


And Thou, I know, wilt bring me To realms of end - less day
 And Thou, I know, wilt bring me To realms of end - less day
 For Thou, I know, wilt bring me To realms of end - less day.



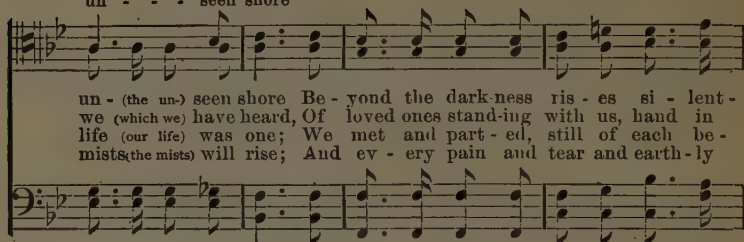
Anon.

Geo. C. Stebbins.



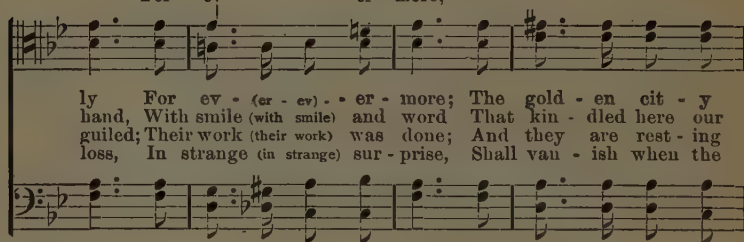
1. The mists are hang - ing low up - on life's sea, The
 2. But there are voic - es in that un - seen land Which
 3. We knew them here, and with them wept and smiled; Our
 4. Speed on, my barque, life's storm - y sea a - cross! The

un - - - seen shore

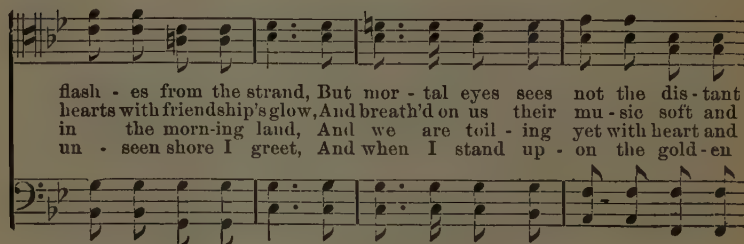


un - (the un-) seen shore Be - yond the dark - ness ris - es si - lent -
 we (which we) have heard, Of loved ones stand - ing with us, hand in
 life (our life) was one; We met and part - ed, still of each be -
 mists (the mists) will rise; And ev - ery pain and tear and earth - ly

For ev - - er - more;



ly For ev - (er - ev) - - er - more; The gold - en cit - y
 hand, With smile (with smile) and word That kin - dled here our
 guiled; Their work (their work) was done; And they are rest - ing
 loss, In strange (in strange) sur - prise, Shall van - ish when the



flash - es from the strand, But mor - tal eyes sees not the dis - tant
 hearts with friendship's glow, And breath'd on us their mu - sic soft and
 in the morn - ing land, And we are toil - ing yet with heart and
 un - seen shore I greet, And when I stand up - on the gold - en

The Unseen Shore.—Concluded.

rit - - - - -

land, But mor - tal eye sees not the dis - tant land.
low, And breath'd on us their mu - sic soft and low.
hand, And we are toil - ing yet with heart and hand.
street, And when I stand up - on the gold - en street.

30

Jesus, My All.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Arr. by H. P. Main.

rit. - - - - -

1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; Pleading Thy
2. Tears of re - pent-ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help Thou my
3. Still at Thy mer - cy-seat, Sav - iour, I fall; Trust-ing Thy

rit. - - - - - *Inst.* *3*

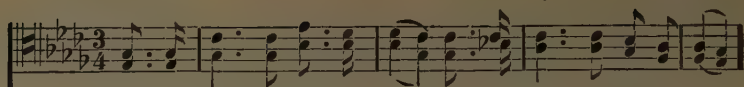
prom-ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be - gin,
un - be - lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee!
prom-ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee;

Inst. *rit.* - - - - -

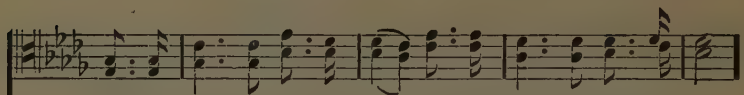
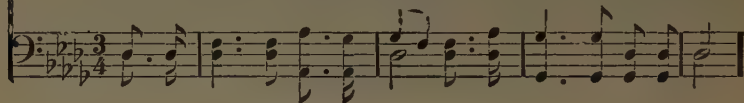
Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev'-ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea: Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
This all my song shall be, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

Fanny J. Crosby.

P. P. Bliss.



1. Hear a - gain the joy - ful cry, "Je - sus Christ is passing by!"
2. Are thine eyes in darkness sealed? At His touch they may be healed;
3. Rise, at once o - bey His voice, Fol - low Him, believe, re-joice!



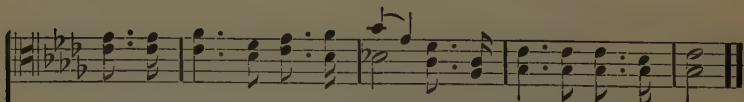
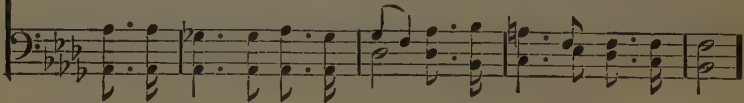
Wondrous love, O can it be? Wand'ring one, He call-eth thee!
 And thy faith, un-cloud-ed, see Christ the Lord, who call-eth thee!
 Wondrous love, O can it be? Still the Mas-ter call-eth thee!



CHORUS.



Call-eth thee, He call-eth thee; Wand'ring one, "O come to Me;"



Thou shalt find sal-va-tion free: Rise, be - hold, He call-eth thee!

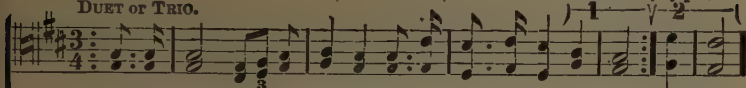


32 Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

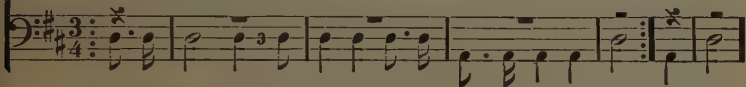
Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane, by per.

DUET or TRIO.



1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll for - give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;



QUARTET.



Tho' they be red (tho' they be red) like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great (He is of great) com - pas - sion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un - to Me (look un - to Me), ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord, your God!

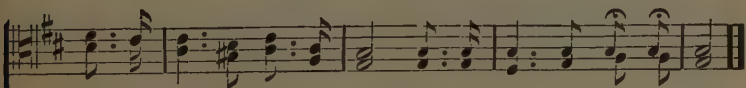
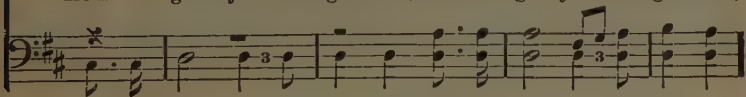


TRIO.

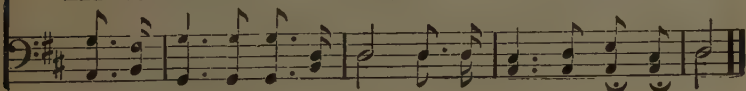
QUARTET.



"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you;
He'll for - give your trans - gressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,

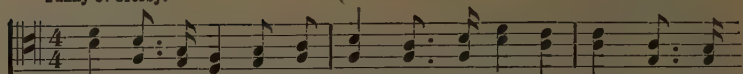


They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow.
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

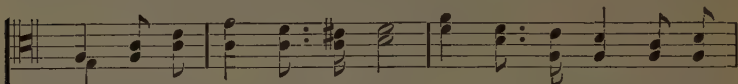


Fanny J. Crosby.

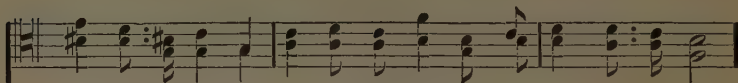
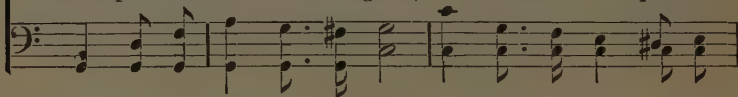
Victor H. Benke.



1. Wake, for the yoke of our bond-age is bro-ken; Wake, for the
 2. Come, O ye mourners, and list to the an-gels, Guard-ing the
 3. Lo! He hath ris-en, go forth and pro-claim it; Sing how He



night of our sor-row is o'er; Je-sus, our Sav-iour, hath
 place where ye laid Him a-way; Je-sus hath ris-en, the
 triumphed o'er death and the grave; Tell of His con-quest and



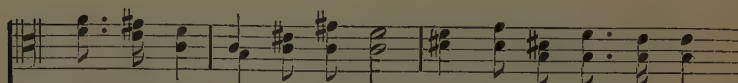
conquered oppression, Je-sus hath ris-en to suf-fer no more.
 grave is de-sert-ed, Je-sus, your Sav-iour, hath ris-en to-day.
 give Him the glo-ry, Tell how He liv-eth the lost ones to save.



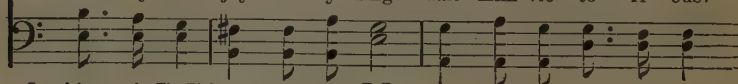
CHORUS.



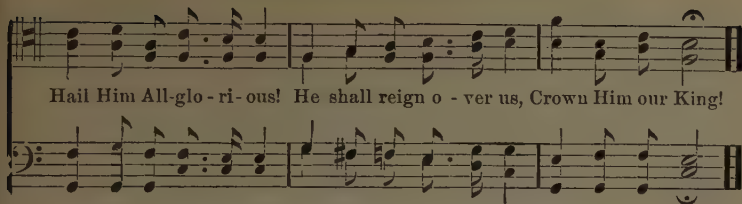
Hail Him vic-to-ri-ous! Hail Him All-glo-ri-ous! Praise to His



Ho-ly name joy-ful-ly sing! Hail Him vic-to-ri-ous!



Hail Him Victorious!—Concluded.



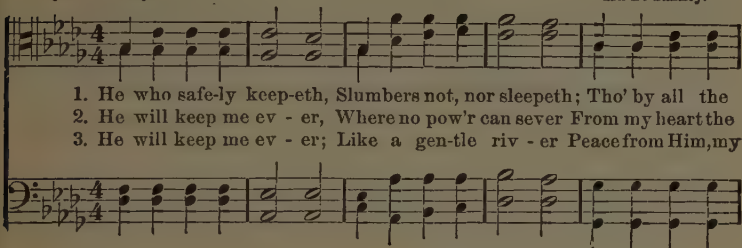
Hail Him All-glo - ri - ous! He shall reign o - ver us, Crown Him our King!

34

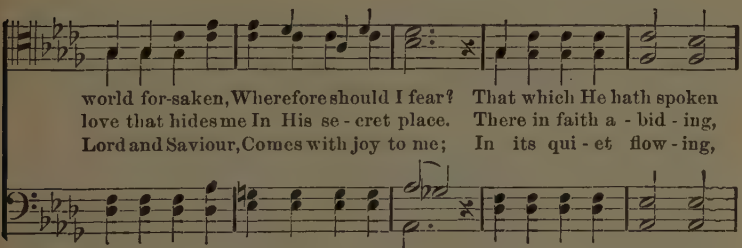
He who Safely Keepeth.

Lyman G. Cuyler.

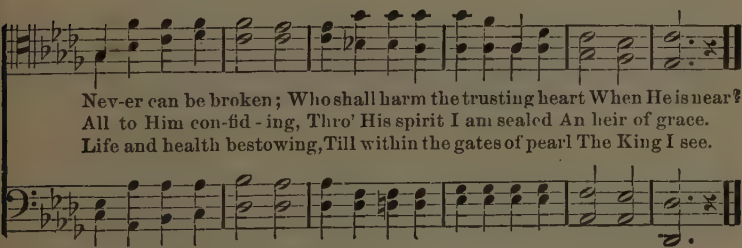
Ira D. Sankey.



1. He who safe-ly keep-eth, Slumbers not, nor sleepeth; Tho' by all the
2. He will keep me ev - er, Where no pow'r can sever From my heart the
3. He will keep me ev - er; Like a gen-tle riv - er Peace from Him, my



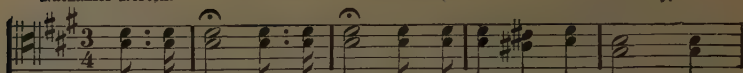
world for-saken, Wherefore should I fear? That which He hath spoken
love that hides me In His se - cret place. There in faith a - bid - ing,
Lord and Saviour, Comes with joy to me; In its qui - et flow - ing,



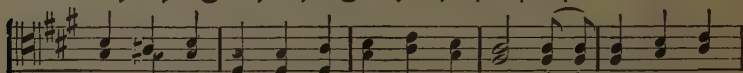
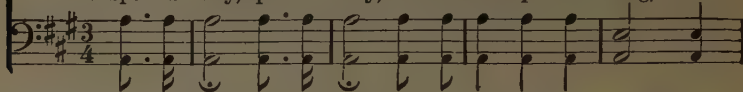
Nev - er can be broken; Who shall harm the trusting heart When He is near?
All to Him con - fid - ing, Thro' His spirit I am sealed An heir of grace.
Life and health bestowing, Till within the gates of pearl The King I see.

Nathaniel Norton.

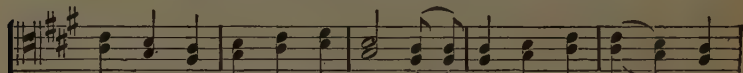
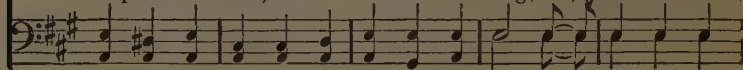
I. B. Woodbury, arr.



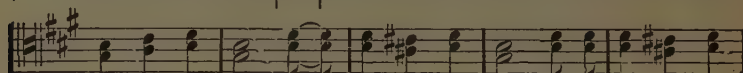
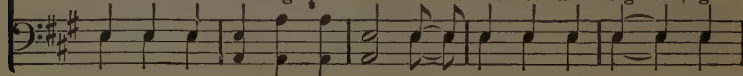
1. "Speed a - way, speed a - way on thine er - rand of light," Sweet
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way on thine er - rand of love, Go
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way, let the shout peal a - long, Tri -



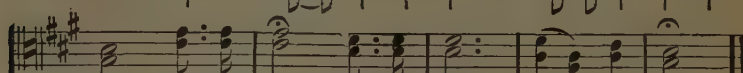
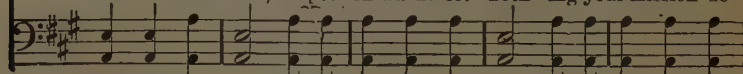
message of Christ, in thy ra - di - ant fight. The earth lies in
speak to the mourners of mansions a - bove; To the doubting bring
unphant in faith, and me - lo - dious in song; Go, her - alds of



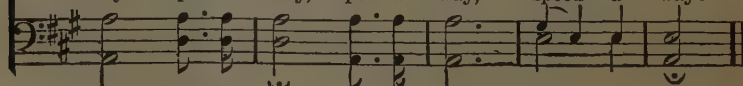
darkness, the deep shadows fall On sad hearts and homes. Oh,
peace, to the wea - ry, sweet rest; To the homeless a glimpse of the
Je - sus! the mes - sage pro - claim; Christ liv - eth and reign - eth, go



speed at our call, Pierce the gather - ing clouds with thy lu - mi - nous
home of the blest; Let an - gels and men Thy glad wonders por -
forth in His name; "Up! on - ward, let noth - ing your mission de -



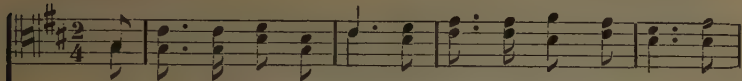
ray: Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
ray: Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
lay: Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!



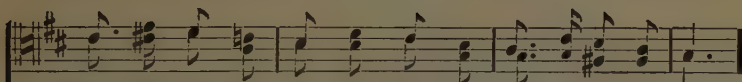
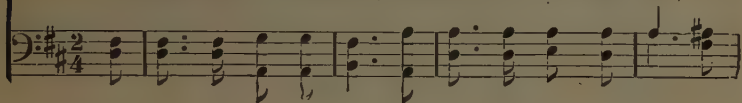
36 The Gospel Trumpet Sounds.

Grace J. Frances.

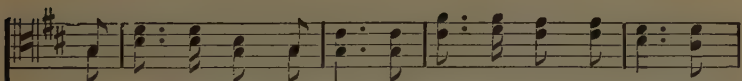
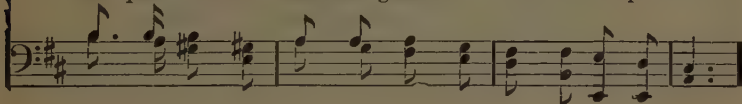
Hubert P. Main.



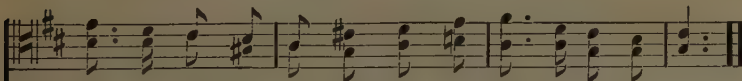
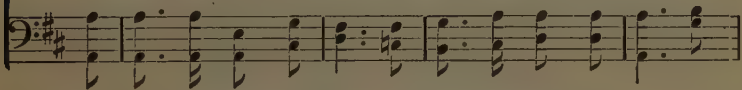
1. The gos - pel trump-et sounds, Let those that hear, o - bey; A
2. The gos - pel trump-et sounds In thrill-ing tones sub-line; The
3. He sends His her - alds forth, And bids them in His name, The



King pre-pares a roy - al feast For hun - gry souls to - day.
mes - sage of re - deem-ing love To earth's re-mot-est clime.
rich pro - vi - sion of His grace To each and all pro-claim.



A King who sits en-throned, Where saints a - dor - ing stand, And
From yon - der rift - ed Rock, Sal - va - tion's riv - er flows; O
A - gain the trumpet sounds; 'Tis call - ing, call - ing still, The



mul - ti - tudes of an - gels wait On His di-vine com-mand.
come, and take the heav'n-ly gift Our glo - rious King be - stows.
feast is spread, and yet there's room, "Come, who-so - ev - er will."



Eliza M. Sherman.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

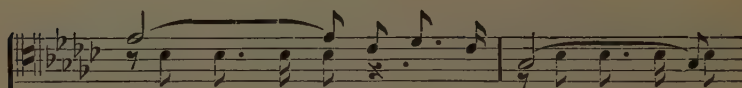


When pearl - y moon - beams

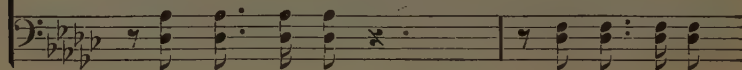
1. When pearl - y moon - - - beams si - lent-

2. Up - on thy waves (Up - on Thy waves), blue Gal - i

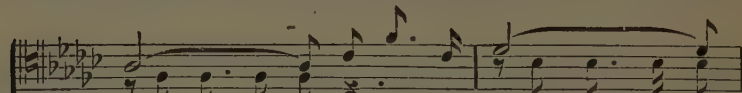
3. Lord, when our hearts (Lord, when our hearts) are bowed with



ly (all si - lent-ly) Are fall - ing on (Are fall - ing on)
 lee (blue Gal - i - lee), I see a bark (I see a bark)
 woe (are bowed with woe), May faith blot out (May faith blot out)

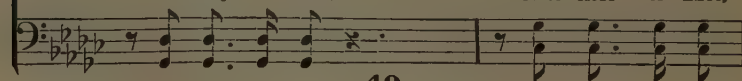


the sil - ver sea (the sil - - ver sea), 'Tis then in
 toss rest - less - ly (toss rest - less - ly), And hear that
 our ev - ery ill (our ev - ery ill), And may we



dreams ('Tis then in dreams) O Lord, with Thee (O Lord, with Thee),
 voice (And hear that voice) up - on the sea (up - on the sea),
 clos - - - er come to Thee.....

And may we come, come close to Thee,



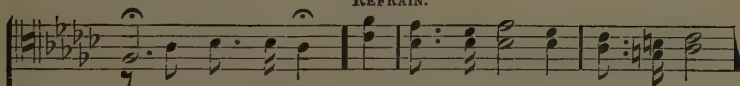
Blue Galilee.—Concluded.



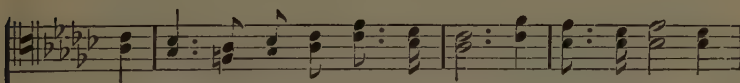
I walk up - on (I walk up - on) blue Gal - i -
That calms thy waves (That calms thy waves) oh, Gal - i -
And hear Thy voice (And hear Thy voice) say, "Peace be



REFRAIN.



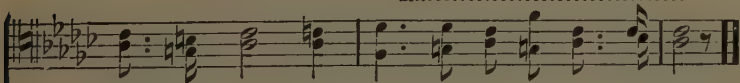
lee (blue Gal - i - lee).
lee (oh, Gal - i - lee). } Oh, Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee!
still" (say, "Peace be still.")



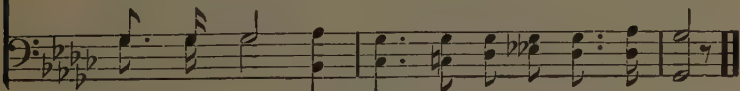
Thy waves bring back His voice to me; Like gold - en chimes on



Rit.



sil - ver sea, Oh, Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee.



I D. S.

(Appropriate for Funeral Services.)

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Out of the shadow-land, in - to the sunshine, Cloudless, e - ter - nal, that
 2. Out of the shadow-land, weary and change-ful, Out of the val - ley of
 3. Out of the shadow-land, o - ver life's o - cean, In - to the rap - ture and

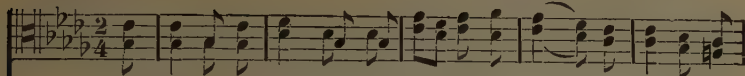
fades not a - way; Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus hath call'd ^{him}_{her}
 sor - row and night, In - to the rest of the life ev - er - last - ing,
 joy of the Lord. Safe in the Father's house, welcom'd by an - gels,
D.S.—There shall ^{he}_{she} rest from earth's toiling for ev - er,

FINE. CHORUS.
 Home, where the ran - som'd are gath - ring to - day.
 In - to the sum - mer of end - less de - light. } Si - lent - ly, peace - fully,
 { ^{His}_{Hers} } the bright er crown and e - ter - nal re - ward.
Safe in the arms of God's in - fl - nite love.

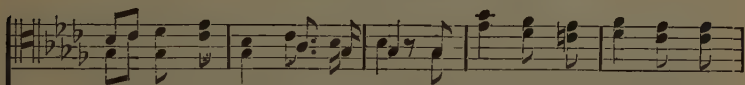
D.S.
 an - gels have borne ^{him}_{her} In - to the beau - ti - ful man - sions a - bove;
 an - gels have borne ^{him}_{her} In - to the beau - ti - ful man - sions a - bove;

R. Keene.

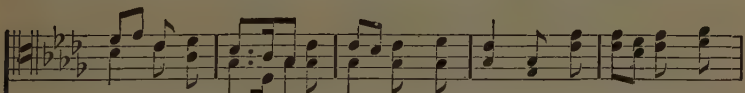
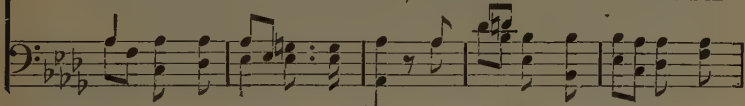
M. A. Portogallo Arr. by G. W. W.



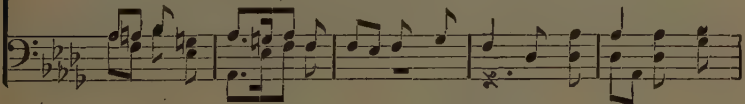
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your
 2. Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-may'd, For I am thy
 3. "The soul that on Je-sus hath lean'd for re- pose, I will not—I



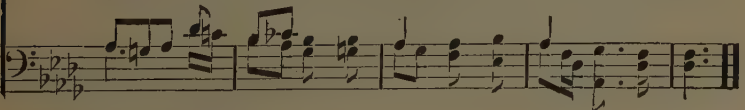
faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
 will not de-sert to His foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-



you He hath said,— To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 caus'd thee to stand, Up-held by My gra-cious om-nip-o-tent
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er—no nev-er—no nev-er for-



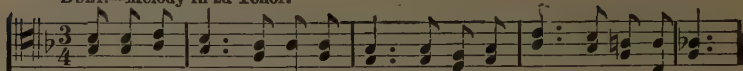
fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by My gra-cious om-nip-o-tent hand.
 sake! I'll nev-er—no nev-er—no nev-er for-sake!"



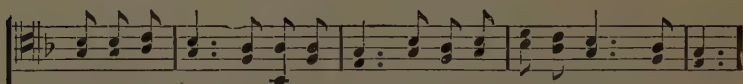
Fanny J. Crosby.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

DUET.—Melody in 2d Tenor.



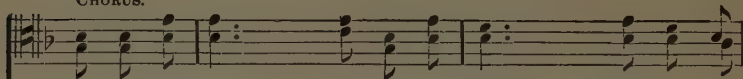
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Some day, when fades the gold - en sun Beneath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,



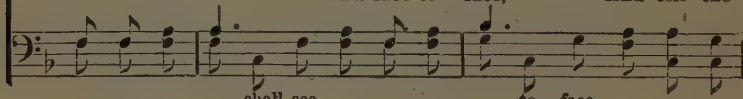
But, O, the joy, when I shall wake Within the pal - ace of the King!
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
 My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
 That when my Saviour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



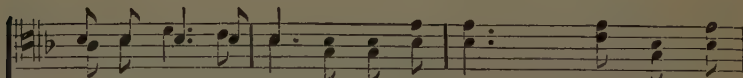
CHORUS.



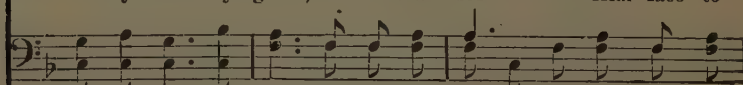
And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the



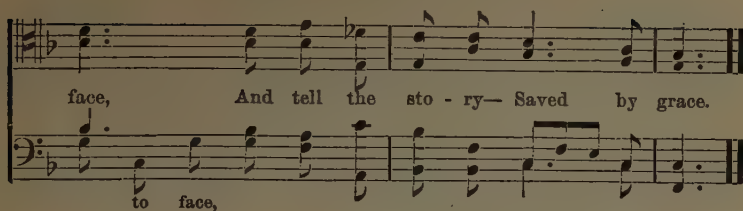
shall see to face,



sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to



Saved by Grace.—Concluded.

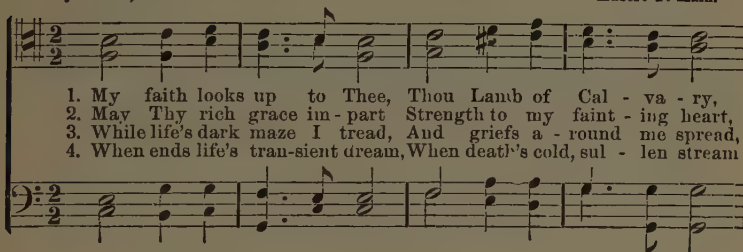


face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.
to face,

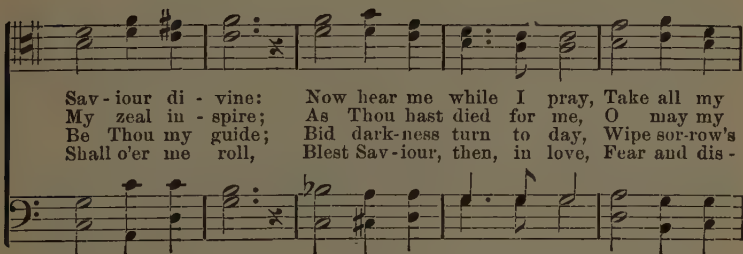
41 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer, D.D.

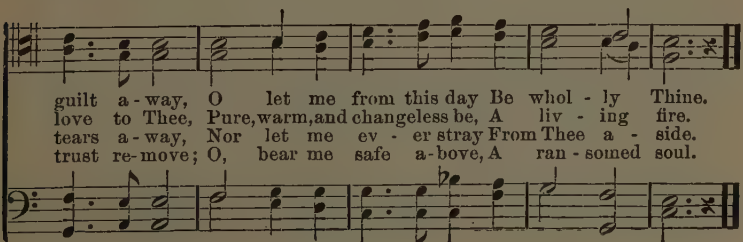
Hubert P. Main.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream




Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -



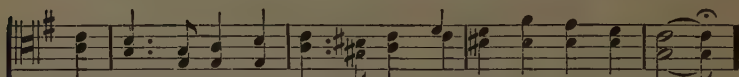
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re - move; O, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Victor H. Benke.




1. O'er-shad-owed by Thy might-y wings, Dear Saviour, let me rest,
 2. O'er-shad-owed by Thy might-y wings, What tranquil hours I see,
 3. O'er-shad-owed by Thy might-y wings, My soul shall speed its flight

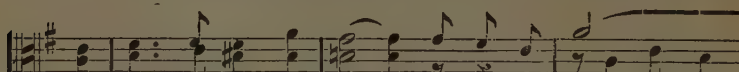


Where doubt and dan-ger can - not come, Nor earth-ly care mo - lest.
 Com - mun - ing at Thy sa - cred throne In per - fect peace with Thee.
 To man - sions of e - ter - nal day, In realms for - ev - er bright.


CHORUS.



I know Thou hast (I know Thou hast) the pow'r to keep (the pow'r to keep)



My soul from ev - 'ry snare; Then hide me in (then hide me

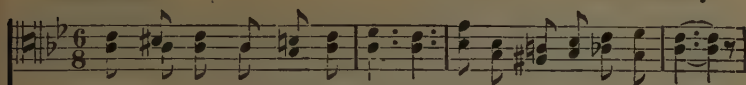


in) Thy se - cret place (Thy se - cret place), No ill can harm me there.

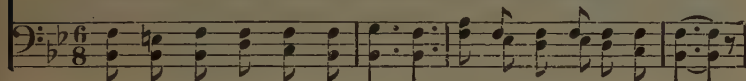
43 Drifting Away from the Saviour.

Wilson Meade.

I. Allan Sankey.



1. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav-iour, Cast-ing reproach on the Lord;
2. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav-iour, Slighting and grieving His love;
3. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav-iour, Lonely and helpless Thou art;
4. Drift-ing a - way from the Sav-iour, Still He is mindful of thee;



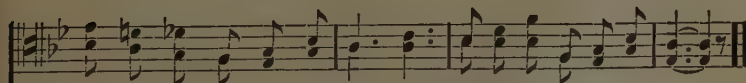
Drift-ing a - way from His Tem - ple, Heeding no longer His word.
 Drift-ing a - way from the Man - sions He is pre-par-ing a - bove.
 Drift-ing a - way from His peo - ple Ev - er so dear to His heart.
 Come un-to Him, and be - liev - ing, Pardon'd thro' grace thou shalt be.



REFRAIN.



Drift-ing a - way, drift-ing a - way,.....
 Drift-ing a - way,..... drifting a - way,



Drift-ing a - way from the Sav - iour, Drifting, still drifting a - way.



Maltbie D. Babcock.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

ff

* Be strong! be strong! O men (O men), be strong (be strong)!

1. We are not here to play, to dream, to drift; We have hard work to
 2. Say not the days are e - vil—who's to blame?—And fold the hands and
 3. It mat-ters not how deep entrench'd the wrong, How hard the bat-tle

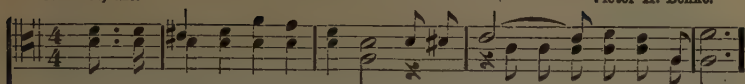
do and loads to lift; Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.
 ac - qui-esce—oh, shame! Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.
 goes, the day how long; Faint not, fight on! To-mor-row comes the song.

ff

Be strong! be strong! O men (O men), be strong (be strong)!

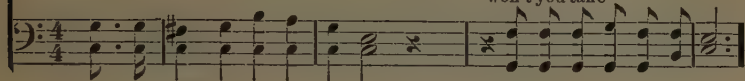
A. L. T., alt.

Victor H. Benke.



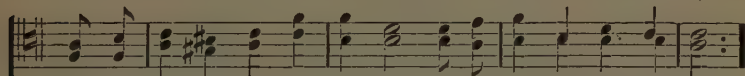
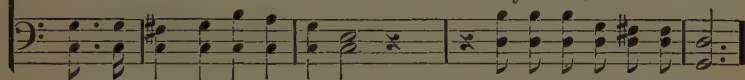
1. It is just a step to Je-sus; won't you take..... it, friend, to-night?
 2. It is just a step to Je-sus; sin-ner, won't..... you cross the line?
 3. It is just a step to Je-sus; do not tar - - ry, come to-night;

won't you take

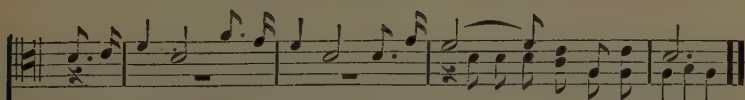
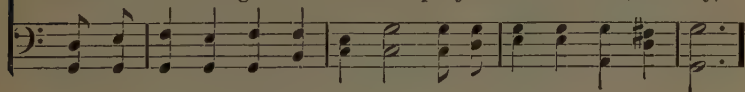


He is waiting to receive you; won't you walk..... in-to the light?
 Won't you let His love, so precious, in your life..... for ev-er shine?
 Put your hand in His, and fol-low in the way..... of truth and right.

won't you walk

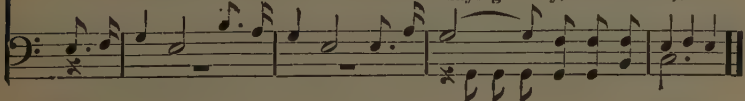


With a ten-der-ness e - ter-nal, that is deep-er than the sea,
 Tho' the world has charms al-lur-ing, they are like the fad-ing leaf,
 With a full and glad sur-ren-der put your trust in Him, and say,



He implores you and invites you, say-ing kind - - ly, "Come to me."
 And at last will fall and wither, leav-ing on - - - ly pain and grief.
 "Where Thou leadest me, O Saviour, I will fol - - - low all the way."

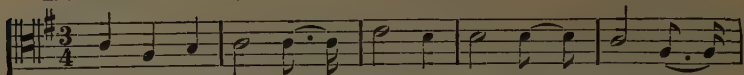
saying kindly, "Come to me, to me."



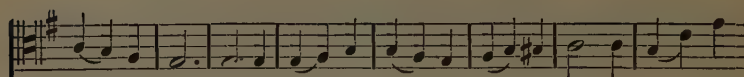
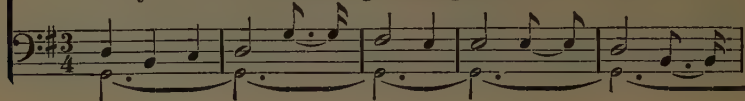
E. S. Roberts.

(DUET.—1ST TENOR & 1ST BASS.)

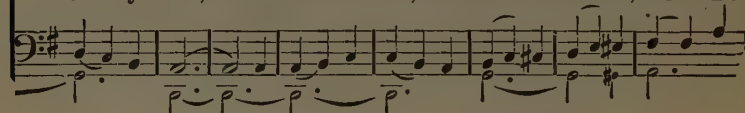
H. P. Danks.



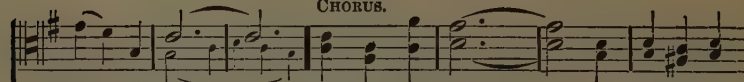
1. Will there be light at... e - ven - tide, When my bark un - -
 2. When I draw near the... oth - er shore, Will... there be a
 3. On yon - der shore are the gold - en gates, That.. lead to the



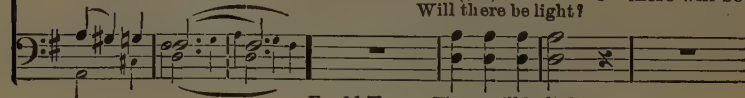
moors for sea?... Will faith's bright ray il - lume the way, O will there be
 shin - ing band Of those I knew and lov'd on earth, A - wait - ing me
 cit - y fair,.. Where Jesus stands, with outstretch'd hands, To bid me



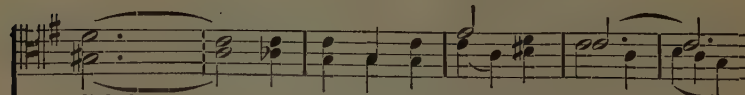
CHORUS.



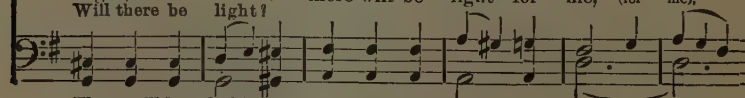
light for me?..... Will there be light?..... O will there be
 on the strand?..... Will there be light?..... O will there be
 wel come there..... There will be light,..... O there will be
 Will there be light?



For 3d Verse.—There will be light,



light?..... O will there be light for me, (for me)?
 light?..... O will there be light for me, (for me)?
 light,..... O there will be light for me, (for me),
 Will there be light?



There will be light,

Will there be Light for Me?—Concluded.

Will there be light at e - ven-tide, When my bark un-moors for sea?
Will there be light of fac - es bright, On the banks of the crystal sea?
He is the Light of glo - ry bright, That shone on Cal - va - ry.

47

Praise ye the Father.

Anon.

F. F. Flemming.

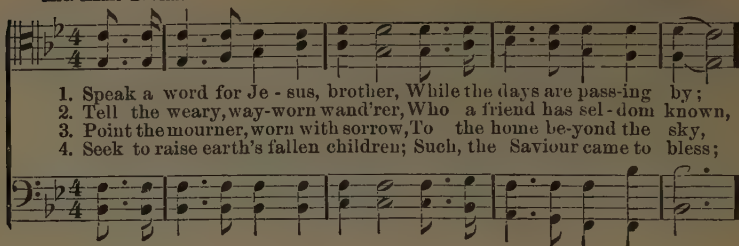
1. Praise ye the Fa - ther for His lov - ing kind - ness,
2. Praise ye the Sav - iour, great is His com - pas - sion,
3. Praise ye the Spir - it, Com - fort - er of Is - rael,

Ten - der - ly cares He for His lov - ing chil - dren; Praise Him, ye
Gra - cious - ly cares He for His chos - en peo - ple; Young men and
Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to bless us; Praise ye the

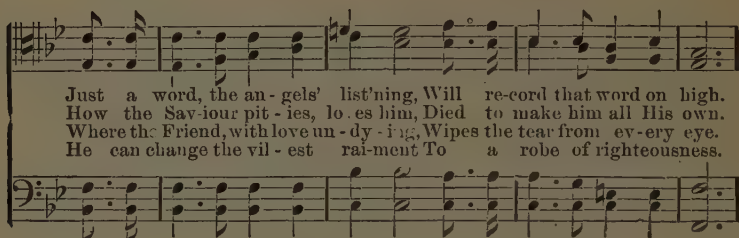
an - gels, praise Him in the heav - ens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!
maid - ens, ye old men and chil - dren, Praise ye the Sav - iour!
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise ye the Tri - une God!

Mrs. Annie B. Hine.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

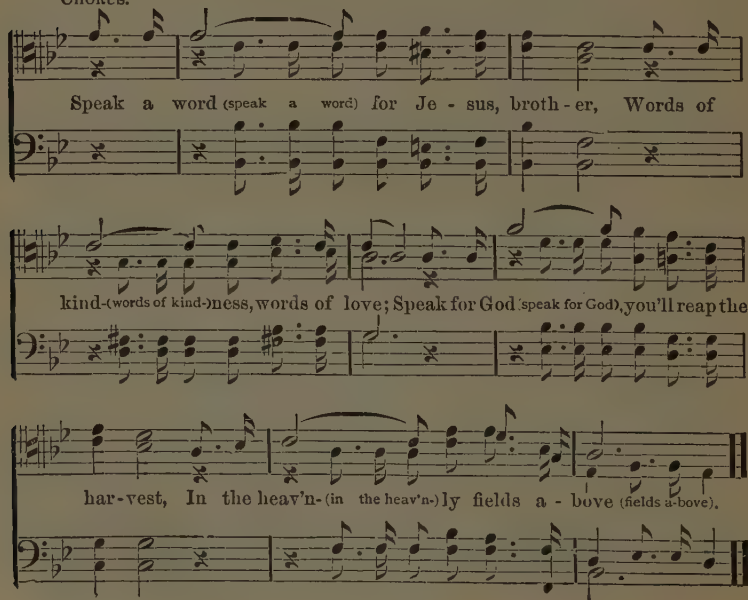


1. Speak a word for Je - sus, brother, While the days are pass-ing by;
 2. Tell the weary, way-worn wand'rer, Who a friend has sel-dom known,
 3. Point the mourner, worn with sorrow, To the home be-yond the sky,
 4. Seek to raise earth's fallen children; Such, the Saviour came to bless;



Just a word, the an-gels' list'ning, Will re-cord that word on high.
 How the Sav-iour pit-ies, lo- es him, Died to make him all His own.
 Where the Friend, with love un-dy-ing, Wipes the tear from ev-ery eye.
 He can change the vil- est rai-ment To a robe of righteousness.

CHORUS.



Speak a word (speak a word) for Je - sus, broth-er, Words of
 kind-(words of kind-ness, words of love; Speak for God (speak for God), you'll reap the
 har-vest, In the heav'n-(in the heav'n-)ly fields a - bove (fields a-bove).

Fanny J. Crosby.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Beau-ti - ful sea, O beau-ti - ful sea, Be - yond the dark
 2. Beau-ti - ful sea, O beau-ti - ful sea, Thy glo - ry shall
 3. Beau-ti - ful sea, O beau-ti - ful sea, We long on thy

val - ley of time; O - ver thy gen - tle, mur-mur-ing tide
 nev - er de - cline; O - ver thy waves that si - lent - ly flow
 bo - som to rest; Float-ing a - way, still float-ing a - way,

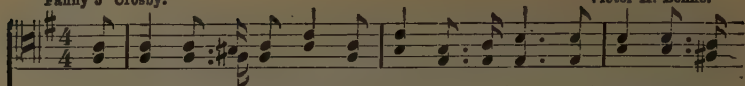
CHORUS.
 The bells of e - ter - ni - ty chime.
 The beams of e - ter - ni - ty shine. } Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful
 A - way to the isles of the blest.

o - cean of light, Re - flect - ed from E - den a - bove, Where they that are

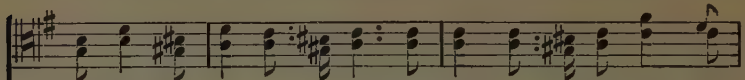
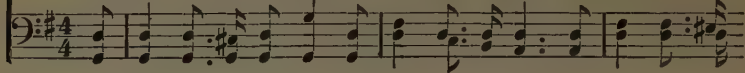
wash'd in the blood of the Lamb, A - bide in the smile of His love.

Fanny J Crosby.

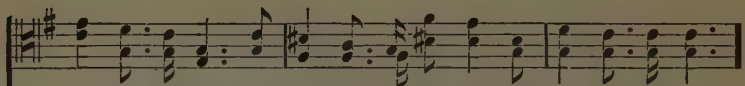
Victor H. Benke.



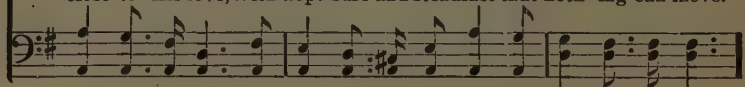
1. More zeal for the Mas-ter, more faith to be-lieve, And trust-ing His
2. Our lives for His serv-ice the Mas-ter requires, He claims the de -
3. Then on-ward, press on-ward, O chil-dren of God, And fol-low the



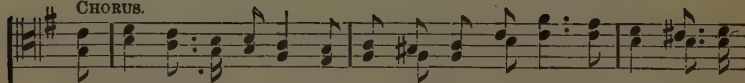
prom-ise 'tis ours to re-ceive; He bids us draw near-er and
vo - tion His good-ness in-spires; He wills that we ev - er a -
path your Re - deem-er has trod; Press on-ward, still on-ward, cling



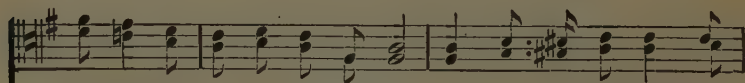
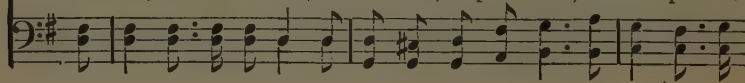
ask for the love That comes thro' the Spir-it with pow'r from a - bove.
bide in His love, And drink of the fountain that flows from a - bove.
close to His love, With hope sure and steadfast that noth - ing can move.



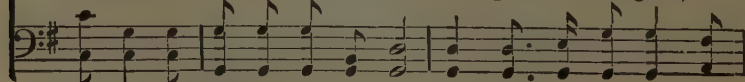
CHORUS.



His love, like the o - cean, is bound-less, deep and wide, Then o - pen the



flood-gates, let in the roll - ing tide; O - pen the flood-gates, the



Open the Flood-gates.—Concluded.

musical score for 'Open the Flood-gates' in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

blessed, blessed flood-gates, O - pen the flood-gates, let in the roll-ing tide.

51

Trim thy Lamp.

Charles Bruce.

Ira D. Sankey.

musical score for 'Trim thy Lamp' in G major, 9/8 time. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 9/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. Trim thy lamp and keep it burn-ing With a clear and stead-y ray;
2. Nev-er wan-ing, ev-er shin-ing, Day and night thy lamp must be,
3. Trim thy lamp and keep it burn-ing With the flame of sa-cred love,

musical score for 'Trim thy Lamp' (continued) in G major, 9/8 time. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 9/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

It may cheer a wea-ry pil-grim, That perchance has lost his way.
Lest a brother's feet should stumble, And his fall be charg'd to thee.
Pointing ev-er to the mansions Of e-ter-nal rest a-bove.

D. S.—Keep it trimn'd and shining brightly, For His com-ing draw-eth near.

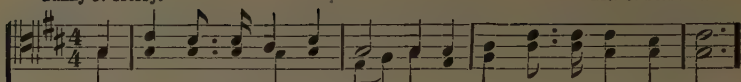
musical score for 'Trim thy Lamp' (chorus) in G major, 9/8 time. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 9/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

CHORUS.

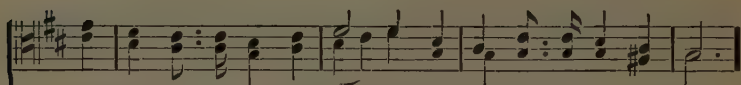
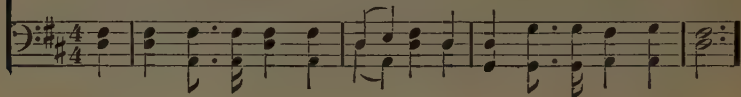
Trim thy lamp, and keep it burn-ing, Till our bless-ed Lord ap-pear;

Fanny J. Crosby.

Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. March on, with the cross be - fore us, O ar - my of Christ, our King;
2. March on to the glo - rious con - flict With zeal that shall ne'er de - cline;
3. March on, with a stead - fast pur - pose, No pow'r in the world can shake,
4. March on till the war - fare end - ed, Our ar - mor and cross laid down,



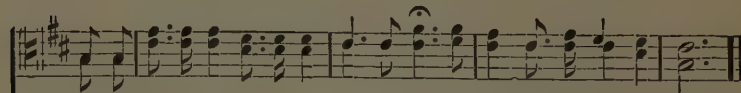
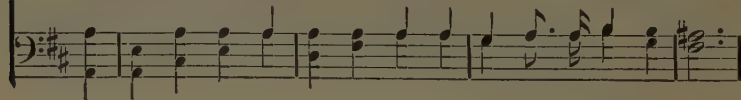
His name be the soldier's watchword, His mer - cy the song we sing.
 March on, for the cause we hon - or, Hold fast to the truth di - vine.
 And He who commands, Go for - ward! Will nev - er His own for - sake.
 Then cloth'd by the King, our Lead - er, Re - ceive at His hands our crown.



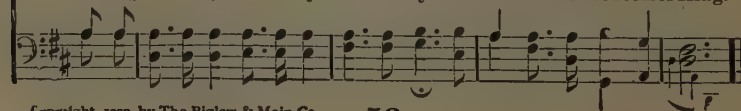
CHORUS.



March on (march on), march on (march on), March on, with its standard high;



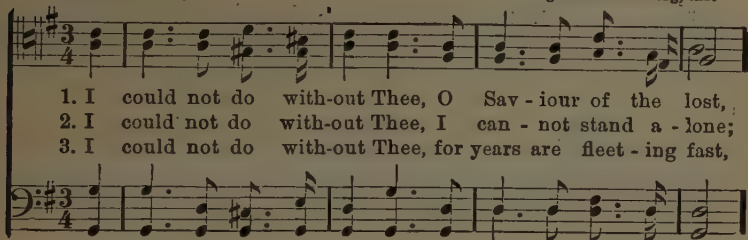
Shouting vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! Thro' Christ our Redeemer King.



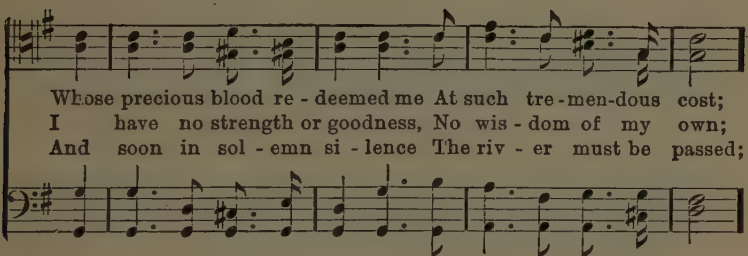
53 I could Not do Without Thee.

Frances R. Havergal.

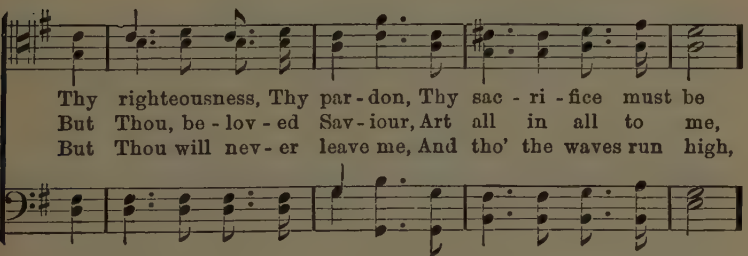
Sigismund Thalberg, arr.



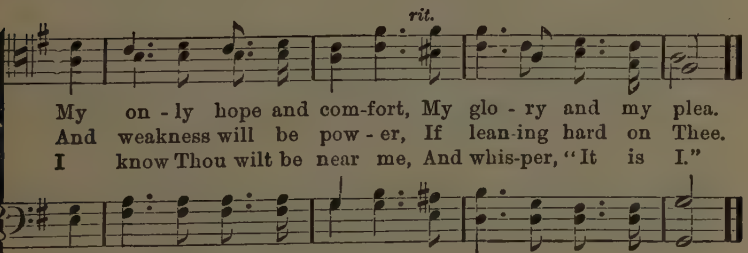
1. I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav-iour of the lost,
 2. I could not do with-out Thee, I can - not stand a-lone;
 3. I could not do with-out Thee, for years are fleet-ing fast,



Whose precious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men-dous cost;
 I have no strength or goodness, No wis-dom of my own;
 And soon in sol-emn si-lence The riv-er must be passed;



Thy righteousness, Thy par-don, Thy sac-ri-fice must be
 But Thou, be-lov-ed Sav-iour, Art all in all to me,
 But Thou will nev-er leave me, And tho' the waves run high,

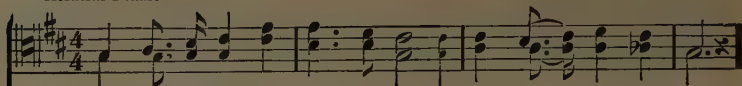


rit.
 My on-ly hope and com-fort, My glo-ry and my plea.
 And weakness will be pow-er, If lean-ing hard on Thee.
 I know Thou wilt be near me, And whis-per, "It is I."

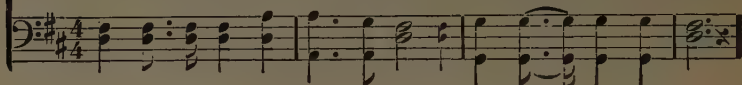
54 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar.

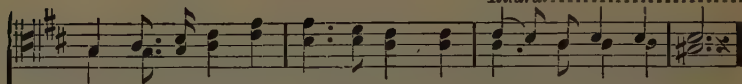
Geo. C. Stebbins.



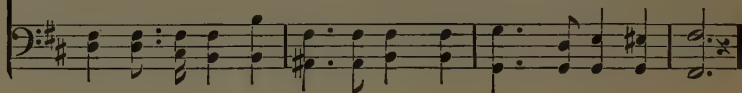
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—“Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—“Behold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—“I am this dark world's light;



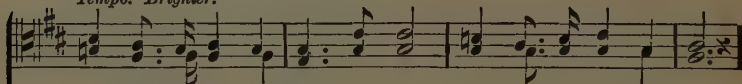
Ritard.



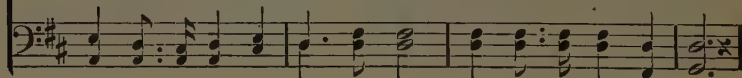
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"



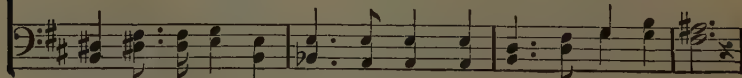
Tempo. Brighter.



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,
I came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I look'd to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;



I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd, And now I live in Him;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk Till traveling days are done;



I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.—Concluded.

ritard......

I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul reviv'd, And now I live in Him.
And in that Light of Life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done.

55

Show Your Colors.

Mrs. C. E. Breck.

I. H. Meredith, arr.

1. Show your col-ors, while you journey Lift the gos - pel ban-ner high;
2. Plant your col-ors on the mountains, On the hill tops and the plains;
3. 'Neath the col-ors of your Captain Charge against the ranks of sin;

Let it tell of Christ, the Saviour, Who for sinners came to die.
Ral - ly round the glorious standard Of the King who ev - er reigns.
You shall scale the mighty ram-parts, And the vic-t'ry you shall win.

D.S.—Till it waves o'er ev - ry na - tion, And the king-doms of the world.

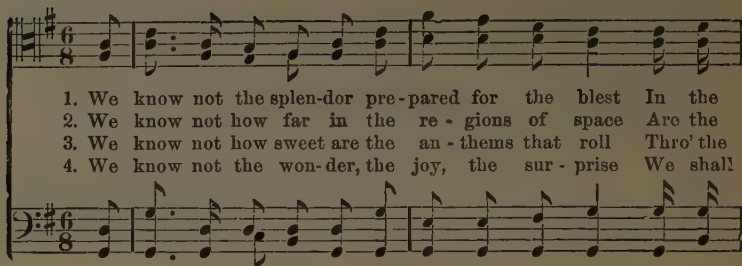
CHORUS.

Show your col-ors, show your col-ors, Let the ban-ner be unfurled,

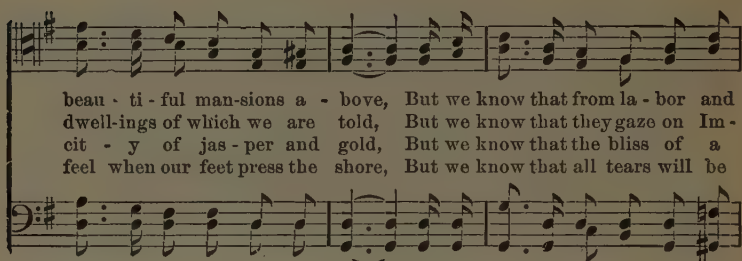
D.S.

Fanny J. Crosby.

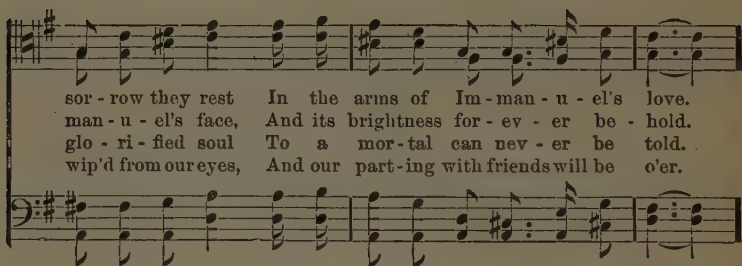
Victor H. Benke.



1. We know not the splen-dor pre-pared for the blest In the
 2. We know not how far in the re-gions of space Are the
 3. We know not how sweet are the an-thems that roll Thro' the
 4. We know not the won-der, the joy, the sur-prise We shall

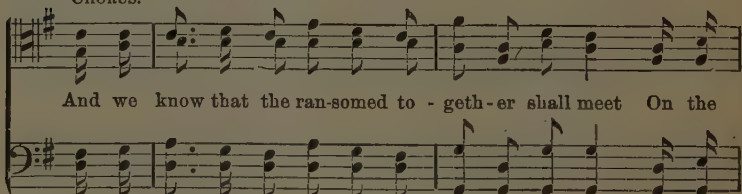


beau-ti-ful man-sions a-bove, But we know that from la-lor and
 dwell-ings of which we are told, But we know that they gaze on Im-
 cit-y of jas-per and gold, But we know that the bliss of a
 feel when our feet press the shore, But we know that all tears will be



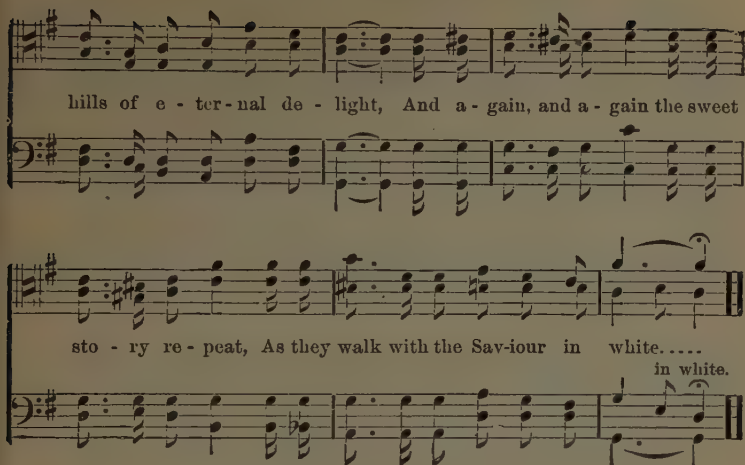
sor-row they rest In the arms of Im-man-u-el's love.
 man-u-el's face, And its brightness for-ev-er be-hold.
 glo-ri-fied soul To a mor-tal can nev-er be told.
 wip'd from oureyes, And our part-ing with friends will be o'er.

CHORUS.



And we know that the ran-somed to-geth-er shall meet On the

We Know Not.—Concluded.



hills of e - ter - nal de - light, And a - gain, and a - gain the sweet

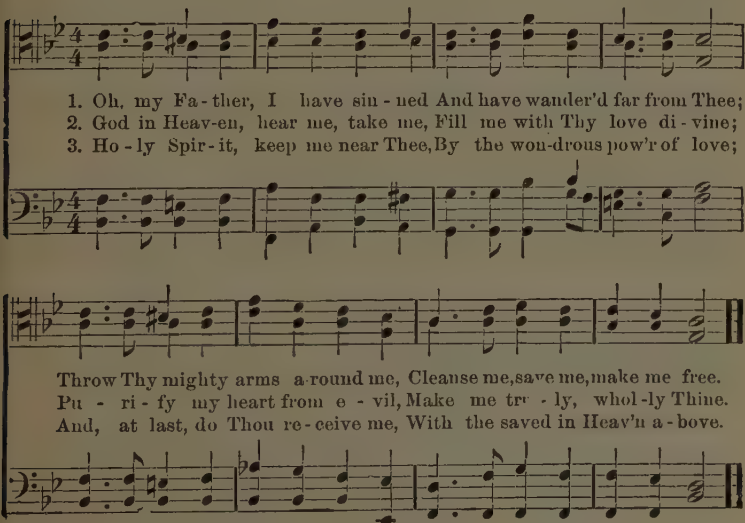
sto - ry re - peat, As they walk with the Sav-iour in white.....
in white.

57

Consecration Hymn.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

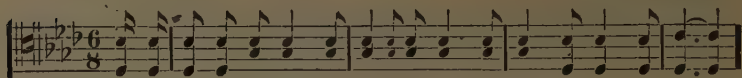


1. Oh, my Fa-ther, I have sin - ned And have wander'd far from Thee;
2. God in Heav-en, hear me, take me, Fill me with Thy love di-vine;
3. Ho-ly Spir-it, keep me near Thee, By the won-drous pow'r of love;

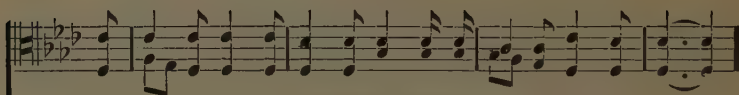
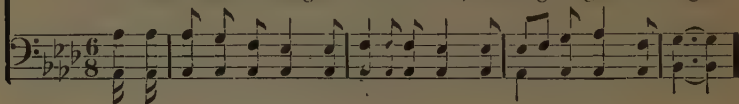
Throw Thy mighty arms a-round me, Cleanse me, save me, make me free.
Pu - ri - fy my heart from e - vil, Make me tr - ly, whol-ly Thine.
And, at last, do Thou re-ceive me, With the saved in Heav'n a - bove.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

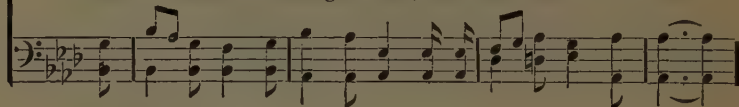
Geo. C. Stebbins.



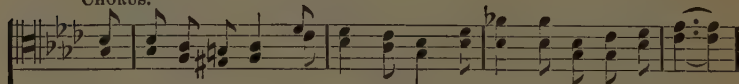
1. There's a beau-ti-ful song I love to sing With spir-it glad and free,
2. O that beautiful song was written in blood That flow'd from Jesus' side;
3. O that beautiful song my heart has learn'd, Was learn'd at Je-sus' feet;
4. And that beau-ti-ful song I love so well, I'll sing a-gain on high,



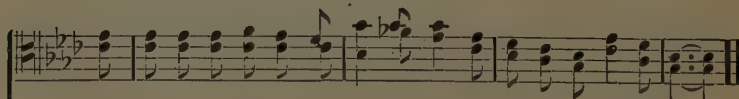
Whose notes with heav'nly music-ing—'Tis the on-ly song for me!
 And shows the lov-ing heart of God Thro' Christ the cru-ci-fied.
 With dy-ing love o'er me He yearn'd, And gives me joy com-plete.
 Where Christ and all the an-gels dwell, And none shall ev-er die.



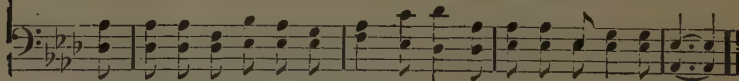
CHORUS.



There's on-ly one song I love to sing, I want no oth-er be-side.

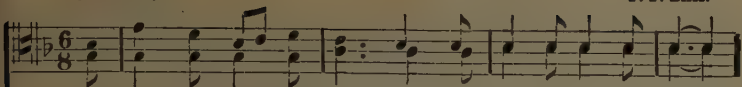


This song is of Je-sus, my Lord and King, Of Je-sus the cru-ci-fied.

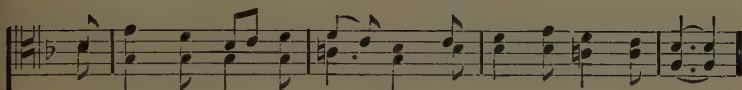
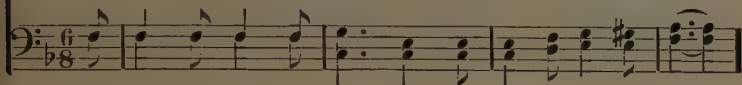


Fanny J. Crosby.

P. P. Bliss.



1. He lives, my great Re-deem - er! He lives, my Lord and King!
 2. He lives, my In - ter - ces - sor! Ho - san - nah to His name!
 3. He lives, my bless - ed Sav - iour! Thro' His a - ton - ing love



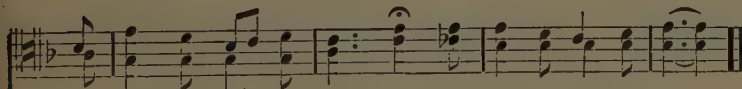
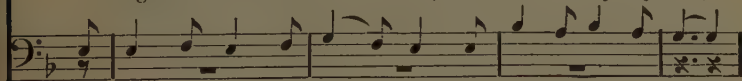
To Him with joy and glad - ness My grate - ful praise I bring
 I know that ev - ery prom - ise Thro' faith I now may claim.
 I have the sweet as - sur - ance, Of end - less joy a - bove.



CHORUS.



He sought me when a wan - d'rer, He wash'd a-way my sin;

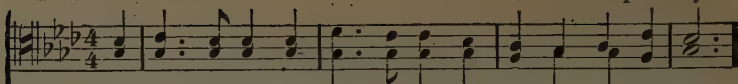


He cheers me with His pres - ence, And gives me peace with-in.

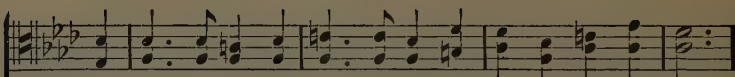
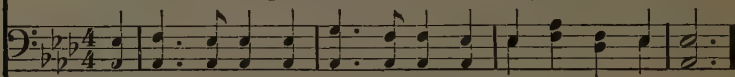


F. W. Faber.

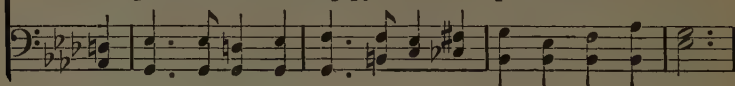
Joseph Barnby.



1. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! The world is growing old;
3. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! I great - ly long to see
4. Lord Je-sus, King of Par - a dise, Oh, keep me in Thy love,



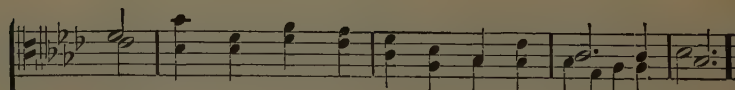
Who would not seek the hap py land Where they that loved are blest?
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
 The spe-cial place my dearest Lord In love pre-pares for me.
 And guide me to that hap-py land Of per-fect rest a - bove.



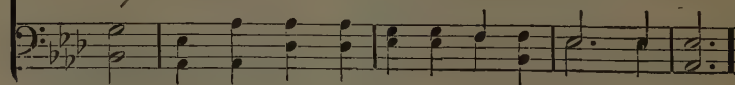
REFRAIN.



Where loy - al hearts, and true,
 Where loy - - al hearts, and true, Stand ever in the light,



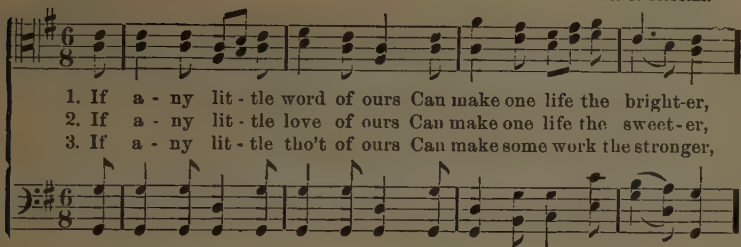
All rap - ture thro' and thro,' In God's most ho - ly sight.



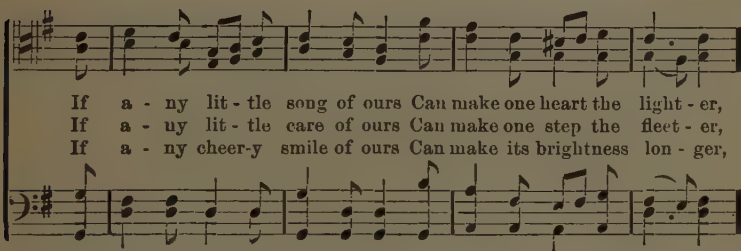
61 Bear Ye One Another's Burdens.

Anon.

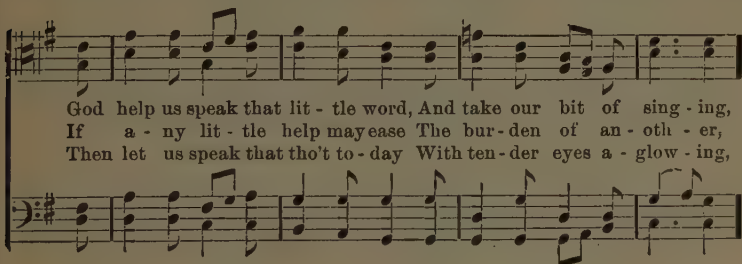
Geo. C. Stebbins.



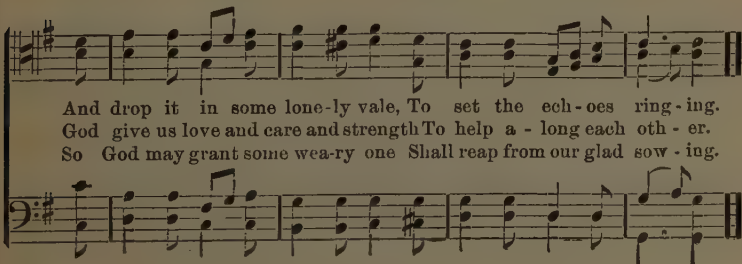
1. If a - ny lit - tle word of ours Can make one life the bright - er,
 2. If a - ny lit - tle love of ours Can make one life the sweet - er,
 3. If a - ny lit - tle tho't of ours Can make some work the stronger,



If a - ny lit - tle song of ours Can make one heart the light - er,
 If a - ny lit - tle care of ours Can make one step the fleet - er,
 If a - ny cheer-y smile of ours Can make its brightness lon - ger,



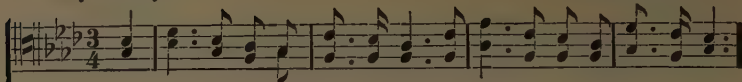
God help us speak that lit - tle word, And take our bit of sing - ing,
 If a - ny lit - tle help may ease The bur - den of an - oth - er,
 Then let us speak that tho't to - day With ten - der eyes a - glow - ing,



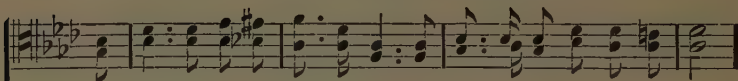
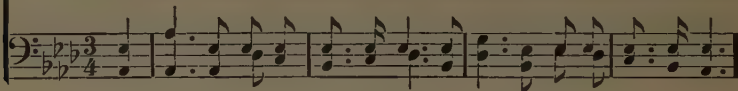
And drop it in some lone - ly vale, To set the ech - oes ring - ing.
 God give us love and care and strength To help a - long each oth - er.
 So God may grant some wea - ry one Shall reap from our glad sow - ing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Victor H. Benke.



1. To die, and yet to live a - gain Beyond the reach of toil and pain,
2. To lay the work of life aside, And launch our bark on Jordan's tide,
3. By faith, from Pisgah's loft-y height, We "view the land of pure delight,"
4. 'Twill not be long; a few more years Of storm and sunshine, joy and tears,



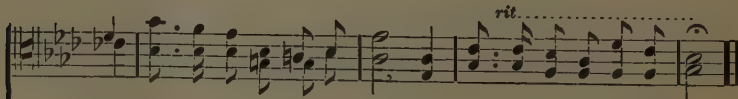
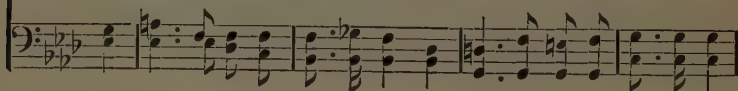
To sleep, yet wake in heav'n a - bove, And feel the bliss of per - fect love.
 To mark the furling of the sail, The anchor dropp'd within the vail.
 And hear strange melodies, that seem Like mu - sic floating in a dream!
 Then we, the Saviour's cross who bear, Thro' grace divine shall enter there.



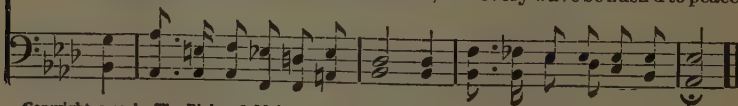
CHORUS.



O thought which on - ly God inspires! O joy the yearning heart desires!



O blest abode where storms shall cease, And every wave be hush'd to peace.



Fanny J. Crosby.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Spread the sails, and speed the ves-sel To its ha-ven bright and fair;
 2. Spread the sails, and speed the ves-sel, There is One who rules the wave;
 3. Spread the sails, and speed the ves sel; Dark at times our voyage may be;
 4. Spread the sails, and speed the ves-sel; Near-er to the port we come;

Je - sus waits to bid us welcome; Our e - ter - nal rest is there.
 And, when billows gath-er round us, His al-might-y arm will save.
 But we'll sure - ly make the har-bor; E - ven now its shores we see.
 Voic-es hail us in the dis-tance; Praise the Lord! we're almost home.

CHORUS.

Nev-er-more our faith shall wav-er, Nev-er-more our strength shall fail;

Nev-er-more our hearts be troubled When we anch-or in the vail.

Helen Chauncy.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A ship swung out from her moor - ings, And o - ver the
 2. None knew the port.. she sailed for, Nor whith - er her
 3. Some souls, cut off from the moor - ings, Go drift - ing out
 4. Keep - ing the line.. of du - ty Thro' e - vil and

har - bor bar,.. As the noon was slow - ly ris - ing, She
 course would be;.. Her.. fut - ure was en - shroud - ed In
 in - to the night, With dark - ness round a - bout them, And
 good re - port, They shall ride the storms out safe - ly, Tho' the

fad - ed from sight a - far,... And we traced her gleam - ing
 si - lence and mys - ter - y.... She was sail - ing be - neath "seal'd
 scarcely a gleam of light; They are sail - ing be - neath "seal'd
 pas - sage be long or short; For the ship.. that bears God's

can - vas By the twink - ling eve - ning star; And we traced her
 or - ders" To be o - pen'd out at sea; She was sail - ing be -
 or - ders" And... sail - ing by faith, not sight; They are sail - ing be -
 or - ders Shall.. anch - or at last in port; For the ship.. that

Sealed Orders.—Concluded.

gleam-ing can - vas By the twink - ling eve-ning star.
 neath "seal'd or - ders" To be o - pen'd out at sea.
 neath "seal'd or - ders" And.. sail-ing by faith, not sight.
 bears God's or - ders Shall anch-or at last in port.

rit. *port.*

✱ Final ending, if desired.

65

Good-night, My Brother.

Grace J. Frances, alt.

Hubert P. Main.

1. Good-night, good-night, my brother; May earth-ly cares now cease,
 2. Good-night, good-night, my brother; May God, who reigns a - bove,
 3. Good-night, good-night, my brother; We slum-ber free from care,
 4. Good-night, good-night, my brother; And when the morn doth break,

REFRAIN.

God gives us rest and peace.
 Look down on us in love.
 For God is ev - ery where.
 May we in peace a - wake.

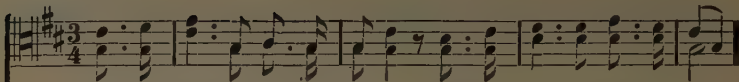
Good-night, good-night, my brother,

Good-night.....

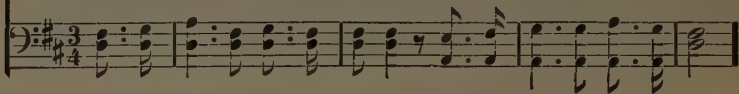
May God in love watch o'er us:.. Good-night, good-night.

H. L. Hastings.

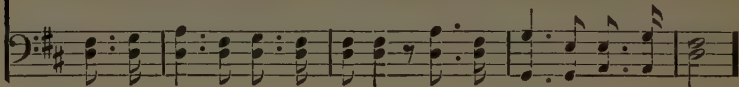
Elihu S. Rice. Arr. by G. W. W.



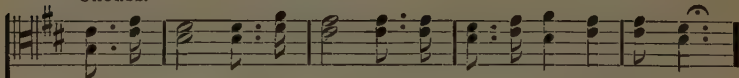
1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Sav-iour, When He comes to claim His own?



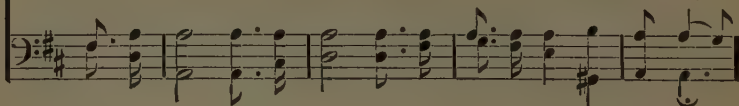
Where, in all the bright for-ev-er Sor-row-ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce-les-tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?
 Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?



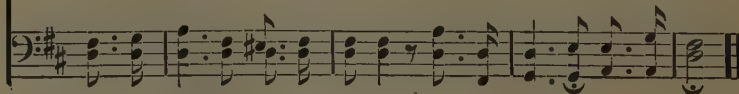
CHORUS.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er,



Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll?



John Atkinson, D.D.

Hubert P. Main.

Moderato.

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, By-and - by, by-and - by;
 2. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By-and - by, by-and - by;
 3. When with robes of snow-y white-ness, By-and - by, by-and - by;

And the dark - ness will be o - ver, By-and - by, by-and - by;
 He a crown of life will give us, By-and - by, by-and - by;
 And with crowns of dazzling brightness, By-and - by, by-and - by;
 And the darkness

With the toil - some journey done, And the glorious bat - tle won,
 And the an - gels who ful - fill All the mandates of His will,
 There our storms and per - ils pass'd, And with glo - ry ours at last,
 With the toilsome

We shall shine forth as the sun, By - and - by, by-and - by.
 Shall at - tend and love us still, By - and - by, by-and - by.
 We'll pos-sess the kingdom vast, By - and - by, by-and - by.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Victor H. Benke.

1. Speed on the wings of the morn-ing fair, Speed to the cross for thy
 2. Speed to the Rock that was cleft for thee, There from the storm shall thy
 3. Wea - ry thy heart with its load oppress'd, Haste, like the dove when she

hope is there; Why should'st thou lon - ger thy bur - den bear?
 ref - uge be; Wash in the fount - ain that flows so free,
 found no rest; Why wilt thou lin - ger, un - saved, un - bless'd?

CHORUS.

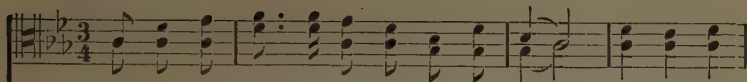
Fly, fly a - way to Je - sus. }
 Flows from the side of Je - sus. } Come and believe. Come and receive
 Haste to the feet of Je - sus. }

All that His mer - cy has promised to thee; Fly, fly a - way,

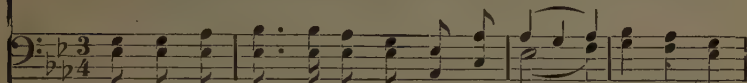
make no de - lay; Fly, fly a - way to Je - sus.

John H. Newman.

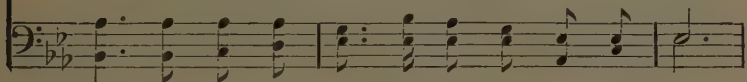
John B. Dykes.



1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me



on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 on; I loved to choose and see my path; but, now
 on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till



Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of
 The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel - fac - es

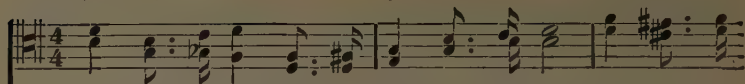


see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
 fears, Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
 smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

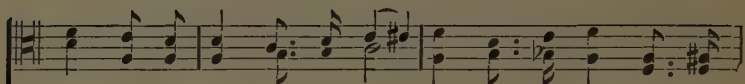
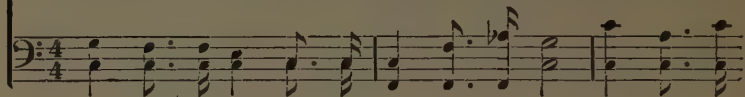


Fanny J. Crosby.

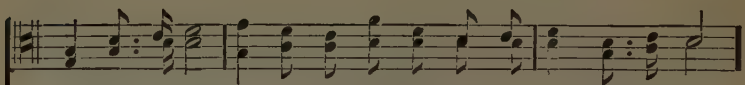
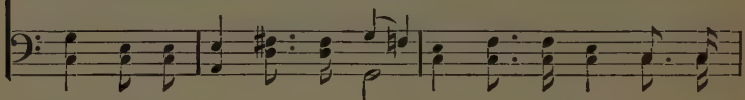
Ira D. Sankey.



1. Look not be-hind thee, O sin - ner, be-ware; Haste to the
 2. Look not be-hind thee, O lost one, be-ware; Why dost thou
 3. Look not be-hind thee, The tempt-er is near; Speed to the



mount-ain, Thy ref - uge is there; Trust not the voic - es That
 lin - ger 'Twixt hope and de - spair? Dan - ger and dark-ness En -
 mount-ain, Thy path - way is clear: Je - sus, who loves thee, Is



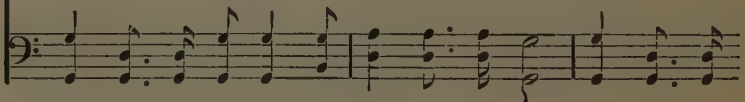
lure thee to stay; Je - sus is call - ing thee, Then why still de - lay?
 com- pass thy way; Je - sus is call - ing thee, Then why still de - lay?
 call - ing to-day; Come to thy Father's house, O why still de - lay?



CHORUS.



List to the warn-ing! No lon - ger re - main, — Fly from the



Look Not Behind Thee.—Concluded.

val - ley, Es - cape from the plain;—Turn from the voic - es that
 lure thee to stay, An - gels are call - ing thee, Then why still de - lay?

71

God Omnipotent.

Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

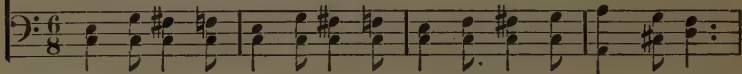
1. God of the Dew, In gen - tlest min - is - try, As si - lent - ly Would
 2. God of the Star, To its stern or - bit true, My soul imbue With
 I some soul re - fresh a - new. God of the Sun, Far - flaming heat and
 dread, lest I thine or - der mar. God of the Sea, Ma - jes - tic, vast, pro -
 light, Be my de - light On ra - diant er - rands swift to run.
 found, Enlarge my bound, —And broader, deep - er let me be.

Fanny J. Crosby.

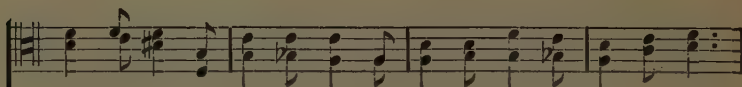
Victor H. Benke.



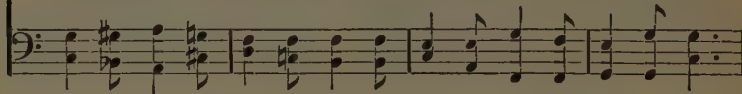
1. Hast Thou room, O bless-ed Sav-iour, For a heart by sin op-press'd;
2. Thou hast call'd, I have not an-swer'd, And my tears re-pent-ant flow;
3. At the fountain Thou hast o-pen'd, Wilt Thou wash my sins a-way;



I am wea-ry, heav-y-lad-en, May I come to Thee and rest?
 For my soul is al-most faint-ing, And I know not where to go.
 In Thy mer-cy wilt Thou bring me Out of dark-ness in-to day?



Is there room, O bless-ed Sav-iour, In Thy arms of love for me;
 Is there room, O bless-ed Sav-iour, Hast Thou yet a place for me;
 Yes! there's room, Thy word declares it, Still Thou hast a place for me;



May a bro-ken, con-trite spir-it Cast it-self by faith on Thee?
 May I take Thy yoke and bear-it, May I come and learn of Thee!
 I am saved thro' Thy a-tone-ment, And I now can rest in Thee.

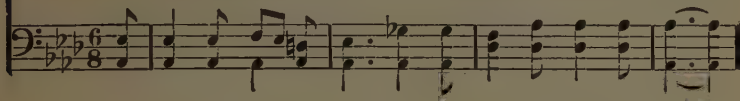


Fanny J. Crosby.

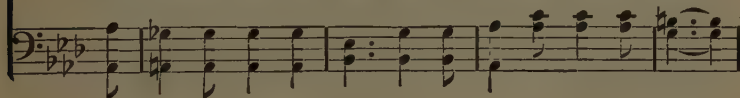
P. P. Bliss.



1. A song of praise to Je - sus, Our great High Priest a - bove,
2. A song of praise to Je - sus, Our roy - al Prince and King;
3. A song of praise to Je - sus, We'll sing it o'er a - gain;



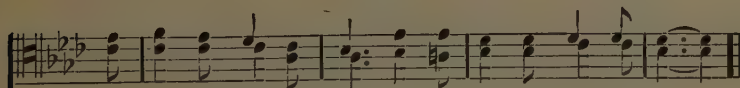
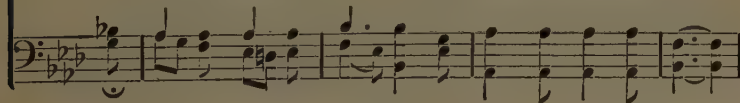
Who cov - ers our trans - gres - sions With His a - ton - ing love.
 Our Strength and our Re - deem - er, The Rock to which we cling.
 We'll join the bliss - ful cho - rus And shout a - loud, A - men.



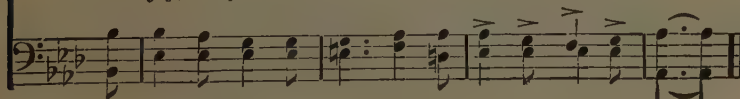
CHORUS.



A song of praise to Je - sus, From hearts that feel and know



The joy, the peace and com - fort That from His Pres - ence flow.



Rev. I. M. Chambers.

(Baritone or 2d Tenor obligato.)

Geo. C. Stebbins

1. The o - - cean is wide,.... But a time - - - ly.
 2. And the winds..... a - drift,.... Will their bur - - - dens
 3. For up - on..... the sea,.... Where our lives..... must

1. The o-cean is wide, a time - ly,
 2. The winds a - drift, their bur - dens,
 3. Up - on the sea, our lives must

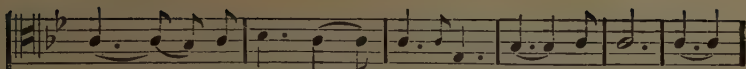
tide..... Rolls in from the un - - known
 shift,.... As they fill the.... dove - - white
 be,..... God's wind blow - eth sure and

time - ly tide Rolls in from the un-known,
 bur - dens shift, They fill the dove-white,
 be, must be, God's wind blow-eth sure

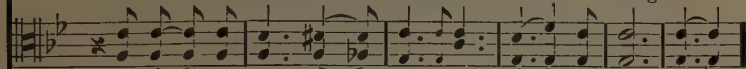
shores,..... To.. car - - ry our bark O'er the
 sails;..... And'tis good..... to know, Thatthe
 strong;..... And wher - e'er..... we glide, He...

the unknown shores, To car-ry our bark
 the dove-white sails; 'Tis good to know,
 and strong, and strong; Wher-e'er we glide,

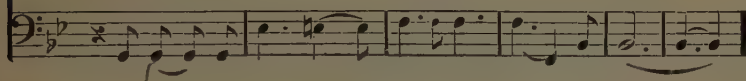
Wind and Tide.—Concluded.



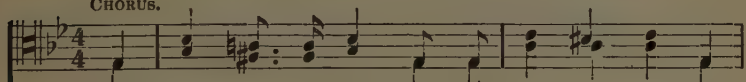
wa - - - ters dark, Where the heart hath treas-ured stores.
winds..... will blow, For the life which sometimes fails.
send - eth the tide, To.... further our lives a - long.



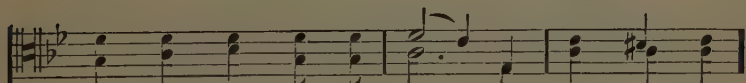
O'er wa - ters dark, Where the heart hath treas-ured stores.
The winds will blow, For the life which sometimes fails.
He sendeth the tide, To.... further our lives a - long.



CHORUS.



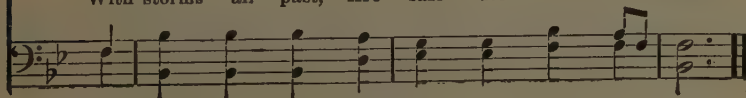
The o - cean is wide, But a time - ly tide Will



bear us on to the shore; Where we, at last,

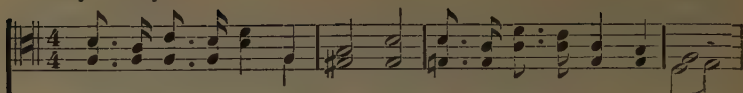


With storms all past, Are safe for ev - er - more.

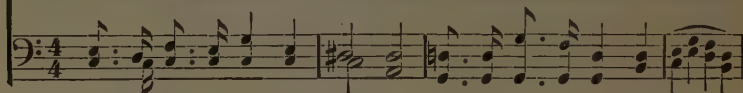


Fanny J. Crosby.

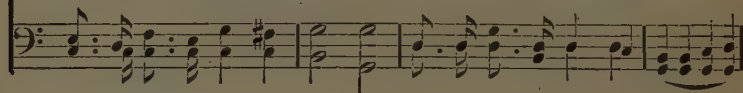
Victor H. Benke.



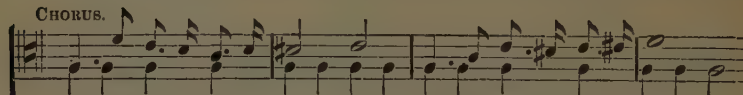
1. Praise the Lord, our Rock e - ter - nal, Him whose arm sal - va - tion brings;
2. Praise the Lord and give Him glo - ry, While His wondrous works we trace;
3. Ev - ery eye shall yet be - hold Him, Ev - ery tongue confess His name;



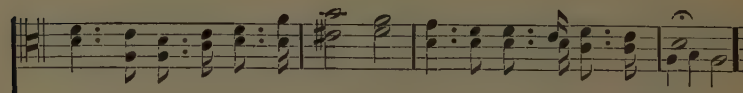
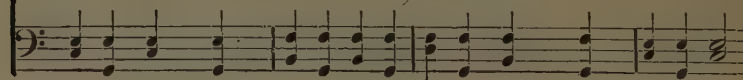
Praise the Lord who liv - eth ev - er, Prince of Peace and King of Kings!
 Tell a - far the bless - ed sto - ry Of His all - re - deem - ing grace!
 Ev - ery heart shall bid Him welcome And a - loud His praise pro - claim!



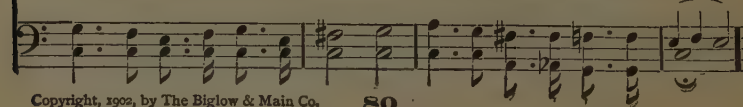
CHORUS.



He is go - ing forth to con - quer; Great in pow'r and strong to save;
 He is go - ing forth to conquer; Great in pow'r and strong to save;

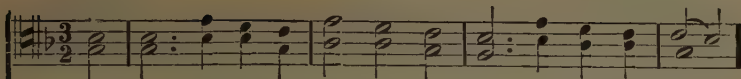


O'er the world its roy - al stand - ard In its tri - umph yet shall wave.

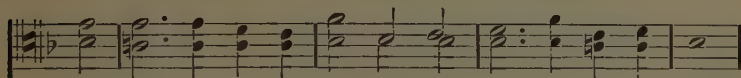
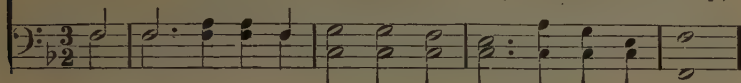


A. R. Cousin.

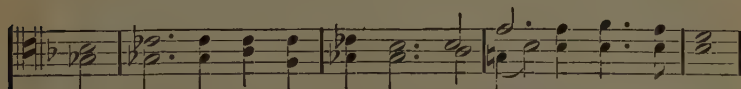
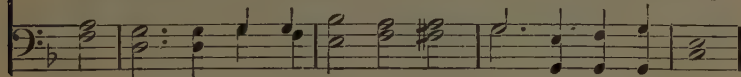
Hubert P. Main.



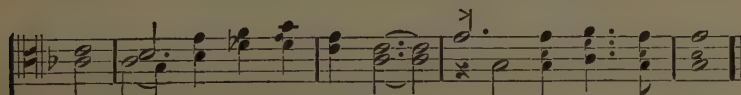
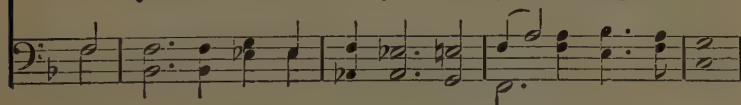
1. The sands of time are sink-ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks,
2. I've wrest-led on t'ward heav-en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep wa-ters cross'd life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp;



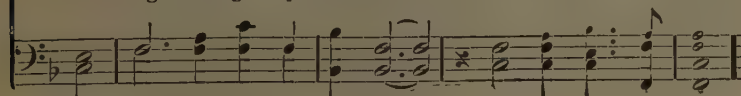
The sum-mer morn I've sighed for—The fair sweet morn a-wakes.
 Now, like a wea-ry trav-'ler That lean-eth on his guide,
 Now these lie all be-hind me—O! for a well-tuned harp!



Dark, dark hath been the mid-night, But day-spring is at hand,
 A-mid the shades of eve-ning, While sinks life's lin-g'ring sand,
 To join the hal-le-lu-jah With yon tri-umph-ant band!



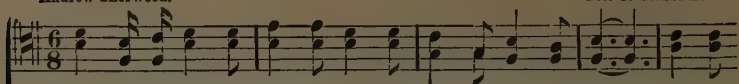
And glo-ry—glo-ry dwell-eth In Im-man-uel's land.
 I hail the glo-ry dawn-ing From Im-man-uel's land.
 Who sing where glo-ry dwell-eth In Im-man-uel's land.



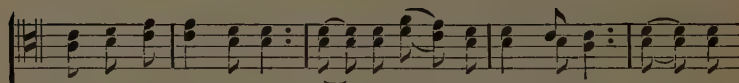
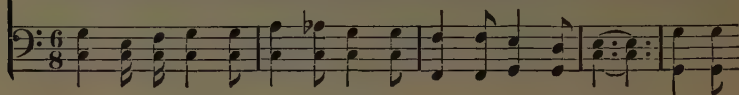
77 Where will You Spend Eternity?

Andrew Sherwood.

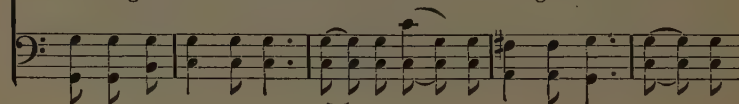
Geo. C. Stebbins.



1. Where will you spend Eter - ni - ty—Those years that have no end? Will it
2. Where will you spend Eter - ni - ty—Those years that have no end? Will it
3. Where will you spend Eter - ni - ty—Those years that have no end? Will it



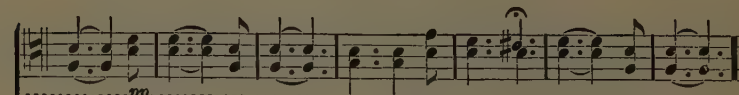
be in the bet - ter land? Will it be at God's right hand, Will it
be where the ransomed sing? Will it be with the glorious King? What a sub-
be on the golden shore Safe with the friends that have gone before? Safe and



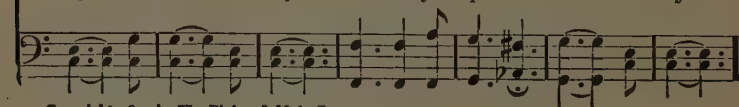
REFRAIN.



be with the angel band—The an - gel band? *ff*.....
lime and sol-lemn thing! A sol - emn thing! E - ter - ni -
hap-py for - ev - er more? For ev - er - more?



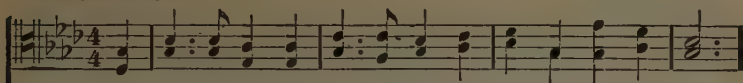
pp.....
ty, E - ter - ni - ty, Where will you spend E - ter - ni - ty?



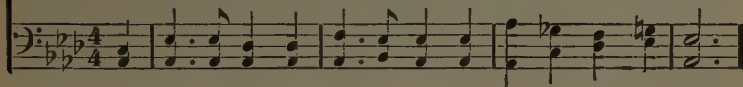
78 Thy Love will Hide Me Still.

Fanny J. Crosby.

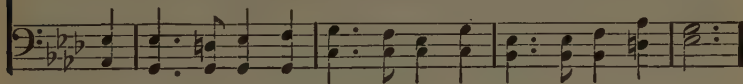
Victor H. Benke.



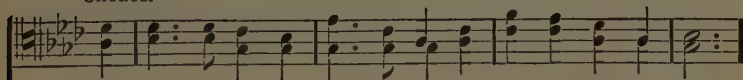
1. Thou art my shield, O Lord, my God, When foes a- gainst me rise;
2. Thou art my hope, tho' vail'd in clouds My sky perchance may be,
3. Thou art my trust, the eye of faith Thy rul - ing hand can trace,
4. Thou art my song by night and day, Thy name will I a - dore;



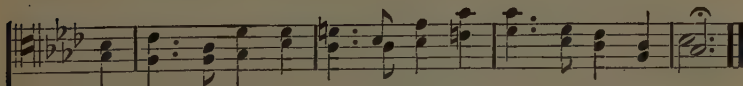
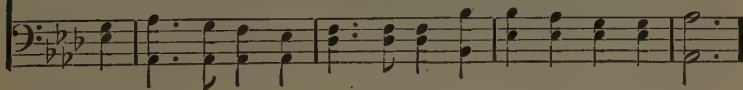
To Thee, my tow - er and defence, My soul for ref - uge flies.
I will not fear the com - ing storm, But whol - ly lean on Thee.
And view with clear and stead - y gaze My prom - ised dwelling - place.
Thou art my strength and righteousness, My por - tion ev - er - more.



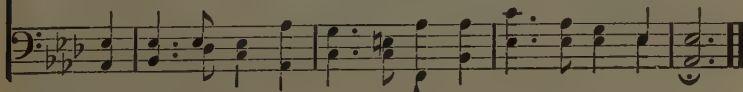
CHORUS.



For Thou wilt cov - er with Thy wings, And keep me safe from ill,



And in the rock of end - less years Thy love will hide me still.



R. L.

(Melody in 2d TENOR.)

R. Lowry, D.D. Arr. G. W. W.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-d'rest care,
 2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at His mother's knee;
 3. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will;

The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
 No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he....
 But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still...

where is my boy to - night? where
 REFRAIN.
 O where is my boy to - night?..... O where is my

where is my boy to - night? where
 is my boy to - night?
 boy to - night?... My heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows;
 is my boy to - night?

wan - der - ing boy,... O where, to - night?
 O where is my boy..... to - night?.....
 wan - der - ing boy,... O where, to - night?

F. W. Faber.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Hark, hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
 2. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of
 3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry

fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by thousands
 souls, for Je - sus bids you come; "And thro' the dark, its ech - oes

strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.
 sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.

CHORUS.

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

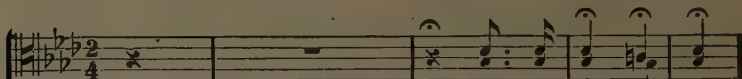
slowly. *tempo.* *slowly.*

Pilgrims of the night, Singing to wel - come the Pilgrims of the night.

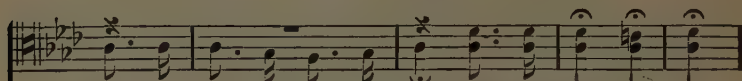
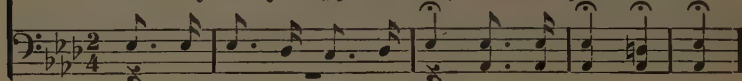
81 While the Years are Rolling by.

P. B.

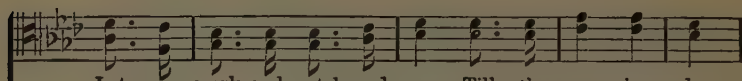
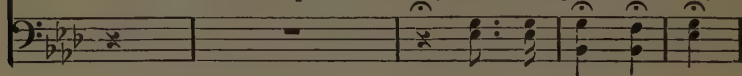
E. M. Herndon.



1. There is work that we can do, While the years roll by,
2. List - en to the Mas - ter's call, While the years roll by,
3. It may be your joy to win, While the years roll by,



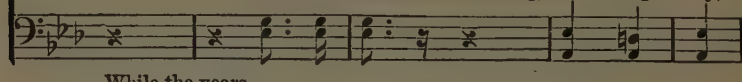
For the la - b'ers are but few, While the years roll by;
Ho! ye reap - ers, one and all, While the years roll by;
Some one from the path of sin, While the years roll by;



Let us work and watch and pray, Till the crown-ing day,
Do not i - dly wait - ing stand, Heed the Lord's com - mand,
To your trust be firm and true, God de - pends on you,



While the years, While the years are roll - ing, roll - ing by,



While the years,.....

CHORUS.



Ad lib.

While the years,.....
While the years are roll - ing by,



While the Years are Rolling by.—Concluded.

While the years

While the years roll by,
While the years roll by,
While the years are roll - ing by,

There is work that we can do, While the years are roll - ing by.

82

Evening Prayer..

J. Edmeston.

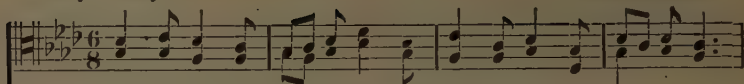
Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Sav-iour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
3. Tho' the night be dark and dreary, Darkness can - not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from Thee surround us; We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where Thy peo - ple be.
May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

Fanny J. Crosby.

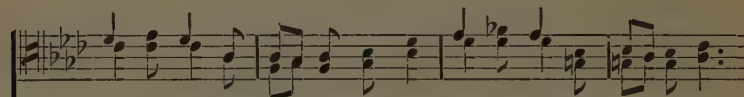
Victor H. Benke.



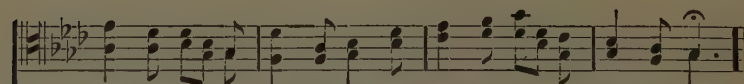
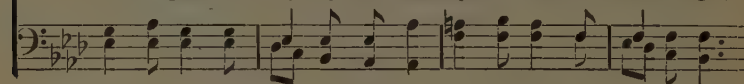
1. Once I stood up - on a mountain, Looking far a - cross the sea,
2. Well I knew the path of du - ty, But my la - bor was not blest,
3. O my Sav-iour's lov-ing-kind-ness, How it rush'd up - on me then,



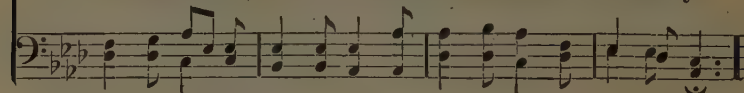
Till the land to which I journeyed Seem'd a lit - tle way to me;
 For my self - ish heart grew weary, And I on - ly sighed for rest;
 How I wept, that so un-mind-ful Of this good-ness I had been!



But I heard the Mas - ter say - ing, And His words I'll ne'er for-get, —
 And a - gain the Mas - ter call'd me, And His words I'll ne'er for-get, —
 I had griev'd Him by my cold-ness, But His words I'll ne'er for-get, —

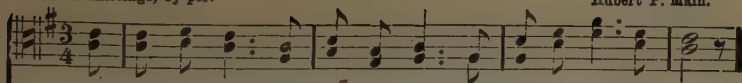


Thou hast left thy work un - fin - ished, And thou can'st not en - ter yet.
 Precious souls thou hast neg - lect - ed, And thy rest - ing is not yet.
 "Be thou faith - ful," and re - mem - ber There's a rest re - main - eth yet.

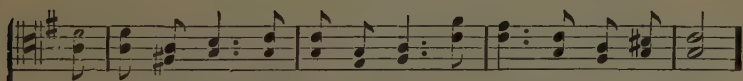
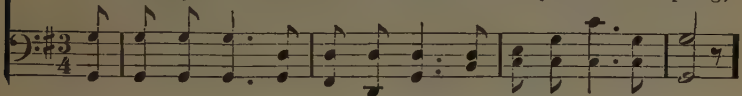


H. L. Hastings, by per.

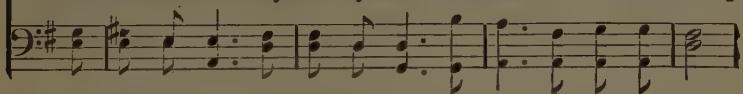
Hubert P. Main.



1. My wea - ry soul a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;
2. I hide me in this Refuge strong, From every tempest's blast;
3. Ye com-fort-less and tem-pest-tost, By sins and woes op-prest;
4. Ye thirst-y, from this smitten Rock Life's crystal waters spring;



A sure and certain anchorage ground In Christ with-in the veil.
 And sit and sing un - til the storm Of wrath is o - ver - past.
 Ye tempted, troubled, ru-ined, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.
 There hide from ev - 'ry storm-y shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.



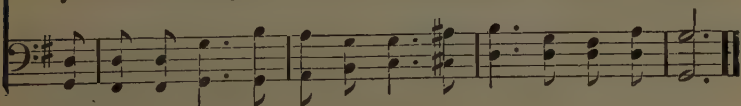
CHORUS.



O Rock of A-ges cleft for me, In Thee my soul securely hide;

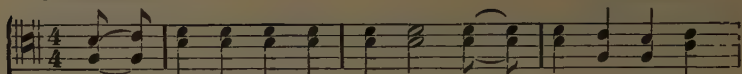


My Tower of Strength, I fly to Thee, And safe - ly there a - bide.

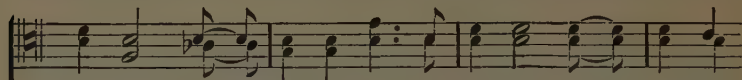
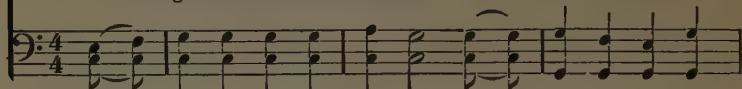


P. W. Faber.

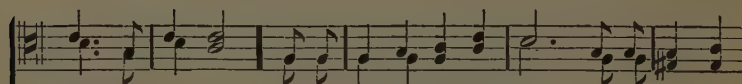
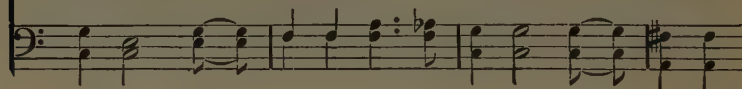
Geo. C. Stebbins.



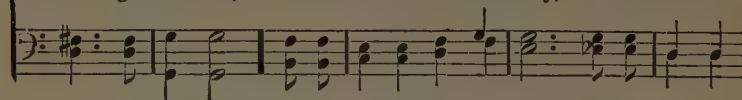
1. I was wand'ring, sad and wea-ry, When the Saviour came un -
 2. At first I would not hearken, But put off till the
 3. At last I stopped to list-en— His voice could ne'er de -
 4. I thought His love would weaken As more and more He



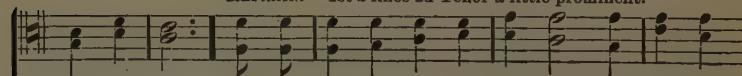
to me; For the paths of sin were drear-y, And the world had
 mor-row, Till life be-gan to dark-en, And I grew
 ceive me;— I saw His kind eye glist-en, So anx-ious
 knew me, But it burneth like a bea-con, And its light and



ceased to woo me; And I tho't I heard Him say, As He came a -
 sick with sor-row; And I tho't I heard Him say, As He came a -
 to re-lieve me; Then I *knew* I heard Him say, As He came a -
 heat go thro' me; And I ev-er hear Him say, As He came a -

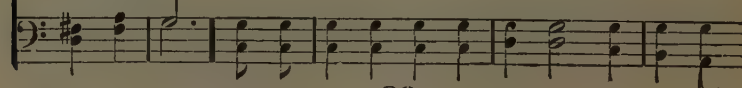


REFRAIN. * 1st 2 lines 2d Tenor a little prominent.



long His way,—
 long His way,—
 long His way,—
 long His way,—

} Wand'ring souls, O do come near Me; My sheep should



The Shepherd True.—Concluded.

Never fear me; I am the Shepherd true, I am the Shepherd true.

rit *p* *pp*

86 The Christian's Good-night.

Sarah Doudney.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Sleep on, be-lov-ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay down thy
2. Calm is thy slum-ber as an in-fant's sleep; But thou shalt
3. Un - til we meet a - gain be - fore His throne, Cloth'd in the

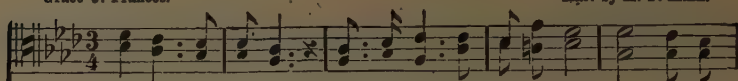
head up - on thy Sav-iour's breast; We love thee well, but
wake no more to toil and weep; Thine is a per - fect
spot - less robe He gives His own, Un - til we know e -

Je - sus loves thee best—
rest, se - cure, and deep— } Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
ven as we are known— }

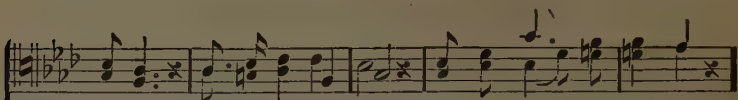
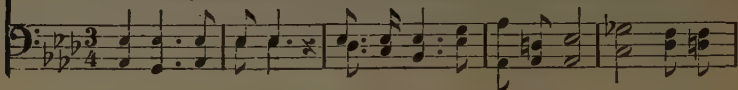
87 What a Friend Thou art to Me.

Grace J. Frances.

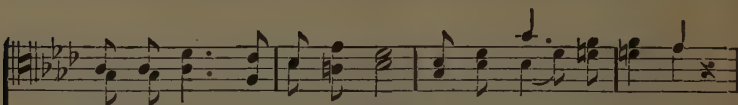
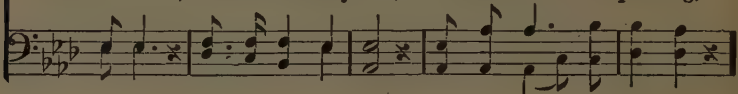
Har. by H. P. Main.



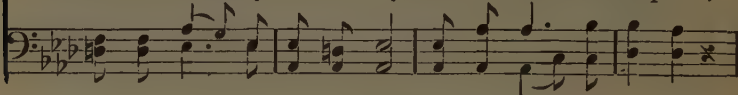
1. O my Re-deem-er, What a Friend Thou art to me! O what a
2. When in their beauty, Stars unveil their silver light, Then, O my
3. Je-sus, my Sav-iour, When the last deep shadows fall; When, in the



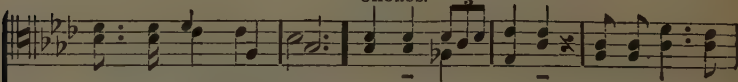
Re - fuge I have found in Thee! When the way was drea-ry,
Sav-iour, Give me songs at night—Songs of yon - der mansions,
si - lence, I shall hear Thy call,—In Thine arms re - pos-ing,



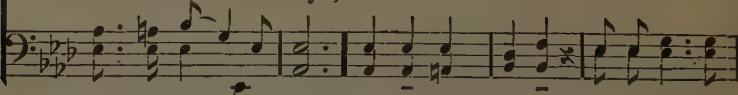
And my heart was sore op-pressed, 'Twas Thy voice that lulled me
Where the dear ones, gone be-fore, Sing Thy praise for - ev - er
Let me breathe my life a - way, And a - wake tri-um-phant,



CHORUS.



To a calm sweet rest.
On that peace-ful shore. } Near-er, draw near-er, Till my soul is
In e - ter - nal day. }



What a Friend Thou art to Me.—Concluded.

ritard......

lost in Thee; Near-er, draw near-er, Blessed Lord, to me.

88 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper, D.D.

John E. Gould.

1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea;
 2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful breakers roar

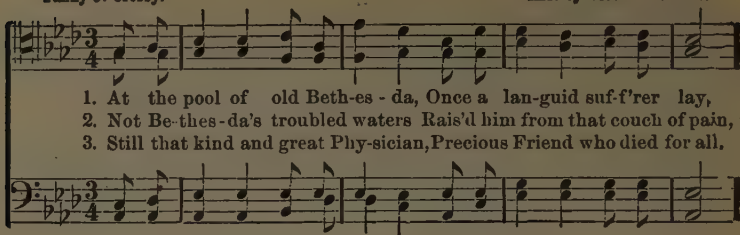
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o-bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

Chart and compass come from Thee, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
 Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot thee!"

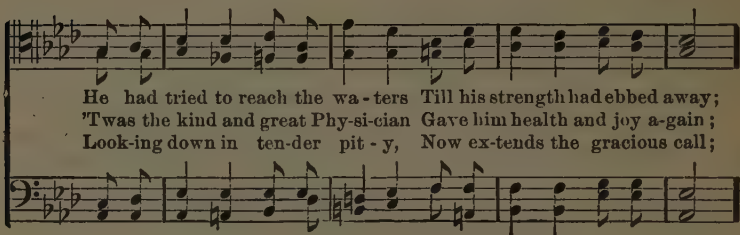
89 Art Thou Willing to be Whole?

Fanny J. Crosby.

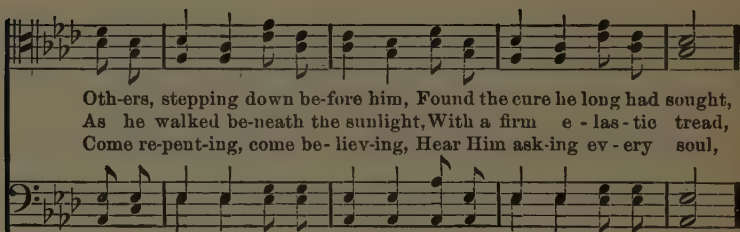
Arr. by Victor H. Benke.



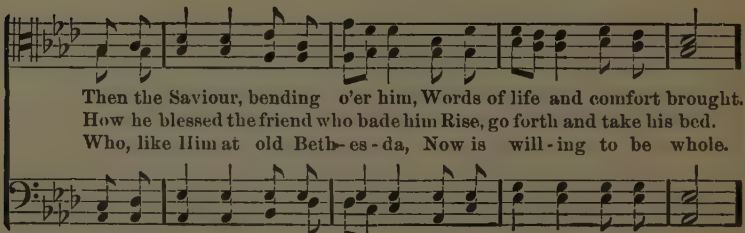
1. At the pool of old Beth-es - da, Once a lan-guid suf-f'rer lay,
 2. Not Be-thes-da's troubled waters Rais'd him from that couch of pain,
 3. Still that kind and great Phy-sician, Precious Friend who died for all,



He had tried to reach the wa - ters Till his strength had ebb'd away;
 'Twas the kind and great Phy-si-cian Gave him health and joy a-gain;
 Look-ing down in ten-der pit - y, Now ex-tends the gracious call;



Oth-ers, stepping down be-fore him, Found the cure he long had sought,
 As he walked be-neath the sunlight, With a firm e - las - tic tread,
 Come re-pent-ing, come be-liev-ing, Hear Him ask-ing ev - ery soul,



Then the Saviour, bending o'er him, Words of life and comfort brought.
 How he blessed the friend who bade him Rise, go forth and take his bed.
 Who, like him at old Beth-es-da, Now is will-ing to be whole.

Art Thou Willing to be Whole?—Concluded.

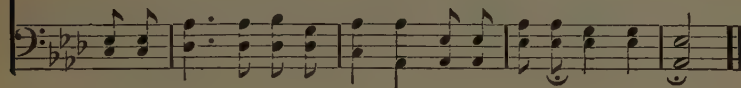
CHORUS.



Sweeter far than sweetest music, Fell that question on his soul,



O that all - im - portant ques - tion, Art thou willing to be whole?



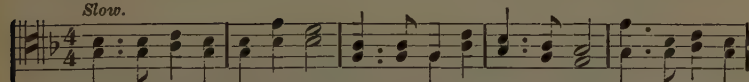
90

Let Me Sleep.

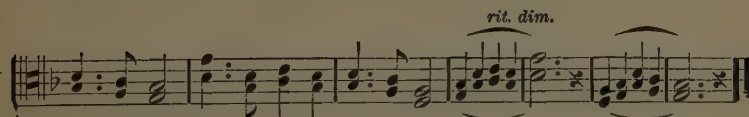
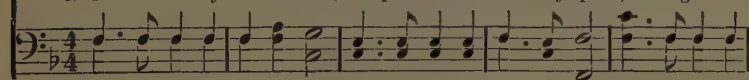
Anon.

I. B. Woodbury.

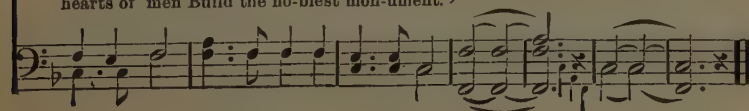
Slow.



1. Let me sleep in mother earth, Lay her sod up - on my breast; From her bosom
2. Let no pomp of mar-ble rise, Writ with golden praises o'er; Foes will none the
3. If for ill my life has been, Sculptor's toil were vainly spent; If for good the



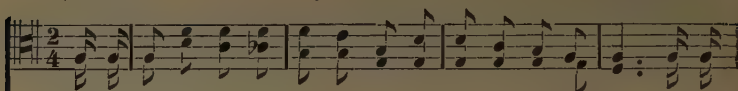
I had birth, In her bo-som I would rest.
 less despise, Friends will none the less deplore. } Rest,..... Rest.....
 hearts of men Build the no-blest mon-ument.



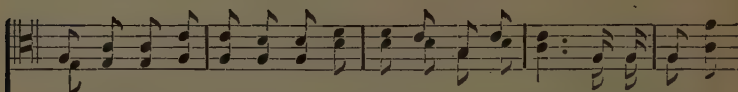
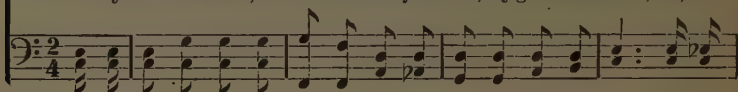
91 In the Secret of His Presence.

E. L. Gorch

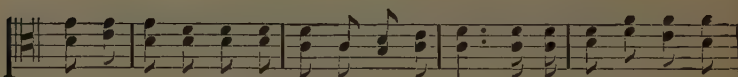
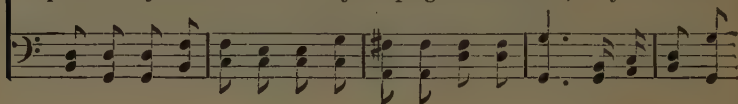
Geo. C. Stebbins.



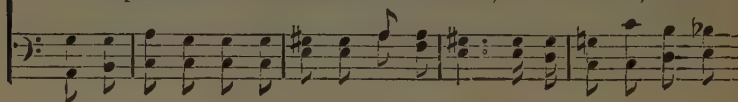
1. In the se-cret of His presence how my soul de-lights to hide! Oh, how
2. When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the sha-dow of His wing There is
3. On - ly this I know; I tell Him all my doubts, my grief and fears; Oh, how



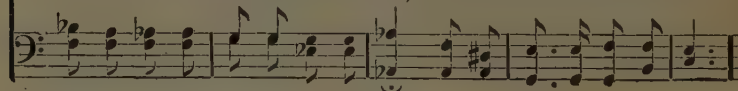
pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je-sus' side! Earthly cares can cool and pleasant shel-ter, and a fresh and crystal spring; And my Sav-iour pa-tient-ly He list-ens! and my drooping soul He cheers; Do you think He



nev-er vex me, nei-ther tri-als lay me low, For when Sa-tan comes to rests be-side me, as we hold communions sweet: If I tried, I could not ne'er re-proves me? what a false friend He would be, If He nev-er, nev-er



tempt me, to the se-cret place I go, to the se-cret place I go.
ut-ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.



Fanny J. Crosby.

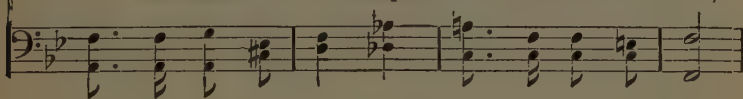
Victor H. Benke.



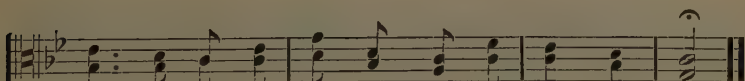
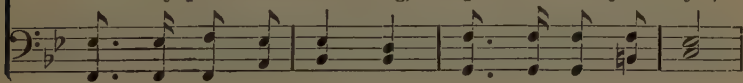
1. Hark! the trum - pet sound - ing, Hear the Mas - ter's call;
 2. Fol - low Him, who leads you, Trust - ing in His might,
 3. O the joys that wait you When the race is run,



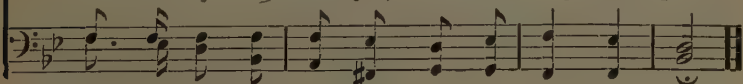
To the race with bold - ness, On - ward one and all;
 Let your faith be fer - vent, Like the noon - day bright;
 O the shout of tri - umph When the crown is won;



Look - ing not be - hind you, Up - ward lift your eyes,
 Crowds of ear - nest watch - ers, Gaz - ing from the skies,
 Ev - ery pow'r ex - ert - ing, Up - ward lift your eyes,

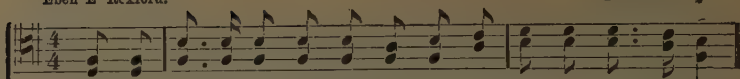


Vic - to - ry be - fore you, On - ward to the prize.
 Wave their hands, and cheer you On - ward to the prize.
 Vic - to - ry be - fore you, On - ward to the prize.

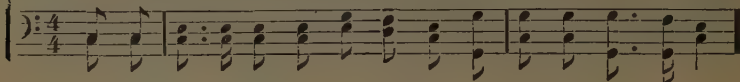


Eben E Rexford.

Ira D. Saukey.



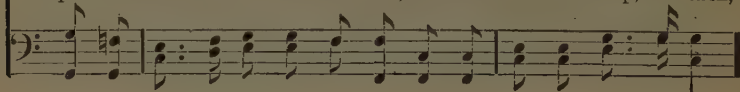
1. Lend a help-ing hand, my broth-er, To the wea-ry by the way,
2. Lend a help ing hand, my broth-er, Some one needs your help each day,
3. In the march of life, my broth-er, Ma - ny fal - ter by the way,



Bow'd be-neath life's heav-y bur-dens 'Mid the toil and heat of day;
 Al - ways some one need-ing com-fort You will find a - long the way.
 Oft - en heart and courage fails them In the mo-ment of the fray.



Pass no com -rade by in si - lence, Cheerful words and smiles be-stow,
 Al - ways hearts that hunger aft - er Words of love, and hope, and cheer—
 Speak the word of cheer that's needed, Bid them ask God's help, and then,



Let them be as sunshine scattered All a - long their path be - low.
 Al - ways fac - es we may brighten With the smile that dries the tear.
 With a hand that's strong but gentle, Lift them to their feet a - gain.



Lend a Helping Hand.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Lend a help - ing hand, my brother, This shall have its own re - ward,

And the good you do an - oth - er Is re - mem - bered by the Lord.

94

We May Not Climb.

John G. Whittier.

(SERENITY. C. M.)

Wm. Vincent Wallace.

1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
 2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He;
 3. The heal - ing of the seamless dress Is by our beds of pain;
 4. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, Whate'er our name or sign,

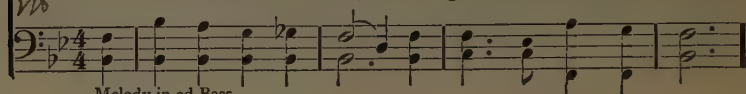
In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
 And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
 We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

Fanny J. Crosby.

Victor H. Benke.



1. Bow down Thine ear, O Lord, Thou God of truth and grace;
 2. In Thee a-lone we trust, Our hope and strength di-vine;
 3. We meet like those of old, Who gathered in Thy name,



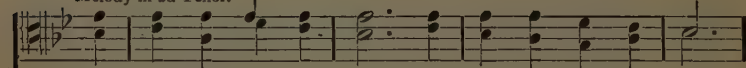
Melody in 2d Bass.



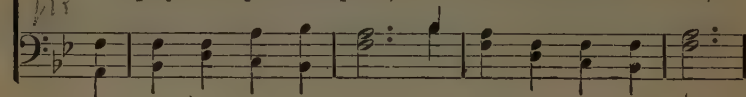
- O hear the pray'rs that now a-rise To Thy most Ho-ly place.
 Up-hold us with Thy might-y arm, And hide our lives in Thine.
 Now let Thy soul-re-viv-ing pow'r Be kin-dled to a flame.



Melody in 2d Tenor.



- We pray with one ac-cord, And on Thy Word be-lieve;
 O grant us cour-age, Lord, To brave the host of sin;
 We pray for per-fect peace, For love that can-not fail,

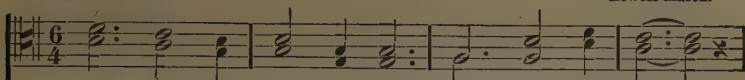


- Its prom-is'd bless-ings, Lord, we ask, Ex-pect-ing to re-ceive.
 And firm-ly wield the Spir-it's sword Till we the vic-t'ry win.
 For faith that soars be-yond the clouds And looks with-in the vail.

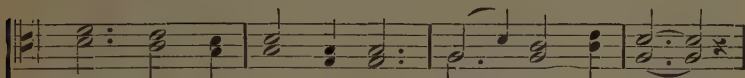
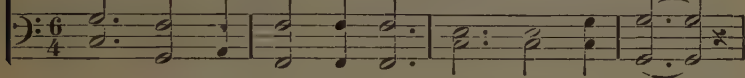


Sarah F. Adams

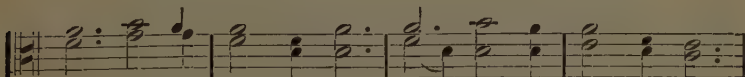
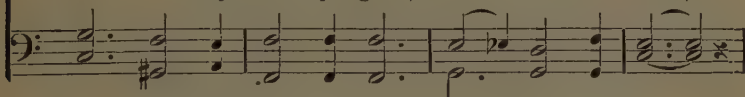
Lowell Mason.



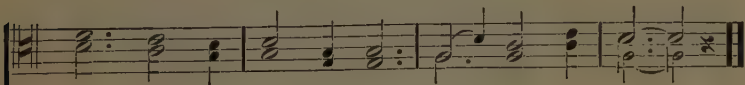
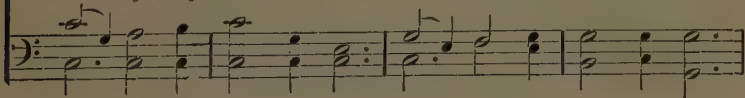
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, to Thee,
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n;
4. Then with my walk - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise,



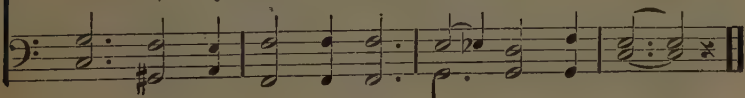
E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me,
 Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,
 All that Thou send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n;
 Out of my ston - y griefs, Beth - el I'll raise;



Still all my song shall be— Near - er, my God, to Thee!
 Yet in my dreams I'd be— Near - er, my God, to Thee!
 An - gels to beck - on me— Near - er, my God, to Thee!
 So by my woes to be— Near - er, my God, to Thee!

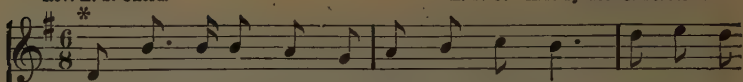


Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

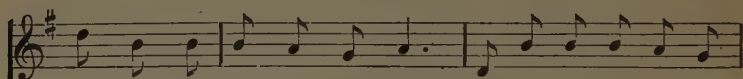
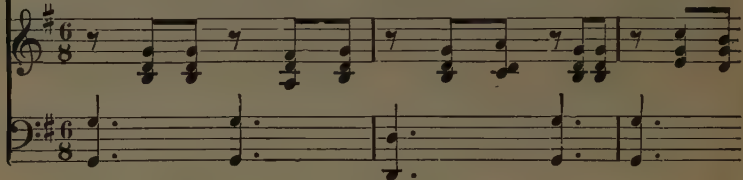


Rev. E. S. Ufford.

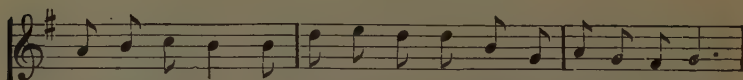
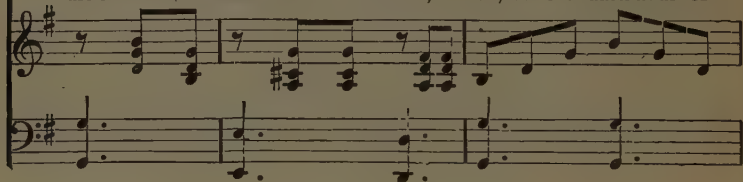
E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.



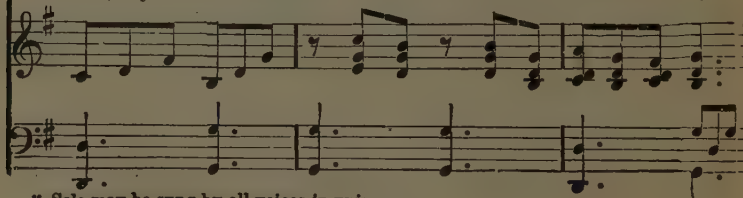
1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will we



broth-er whom some one should save; Some-bod-y's broth-er! oh,
tar-ry, my broth-er, so long! See! he is sink-ing; Oh,
an-guish, where you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and
drift to the fair E-den shore; Then, in the dark hour of



who then will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share!
hast-en to-day— And out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way!
bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
death, may it be That Je-sus will throw out the Life-Line to thee.



* Solo may be sung by all voices in unison.

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Throw Out the Life-Line.—Concluded.

f 1st.

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is

2nd. ff

drift-ing a-way; Some one is sink-ing to-day.

98

Resurrection Morn.

S. Baring-Gould.

Ira D. Sankey.

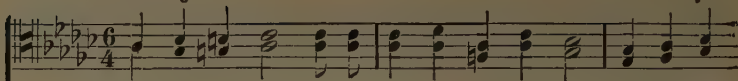
1. On the Res-ur-rec-tion morn-ing, Soul and bod-y meet a-gain;
 2 Here a-while they must be part-ed, And the flesh its sab-bath keep,
 3. For a space the tir-ed bod-y Waits in peace the morn-ing's dawn;
 4. On that hap-py Eas-ter morn-ing All the graves their dead restore,
 5. Soul and bod-y re-u-nit-ed, Henceforth nothings shall di-vide,

p

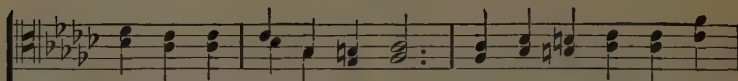
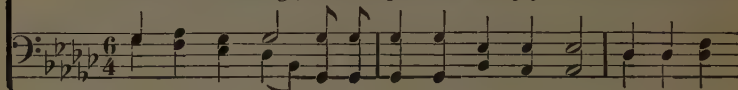
No more sor-row, no more weep-ing, No more pain!
 Wait-ing in a he-ly still-ness, Wrapped in sleep.
 When there breaks the last and bright-est East-er morn.
 Fa-ther, moth-er, sis-ter, broth-er, Meet once more.
 Wak-ing up, in Christ's own like-ness Sat-is-fied.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

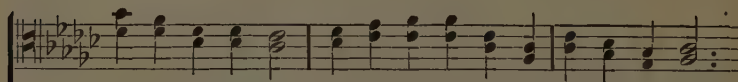
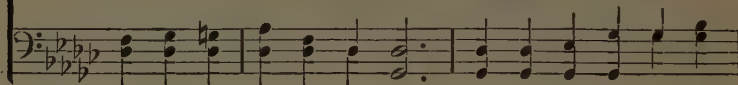
Ira D. Sankey.



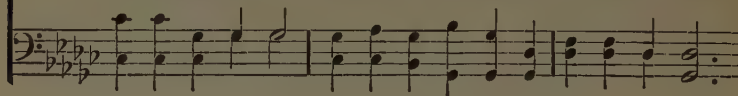
1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night
 2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart
 3. Un - der His wings, O what precious en - joy - ment! There will I



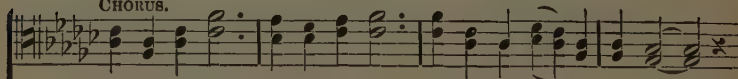
deep - ens and tempests are wild. Still I can trust Him; I
 yearning - ly turns to its rest! Of - ten when earth has no
 hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Sheltered, pro - tect - ed, no



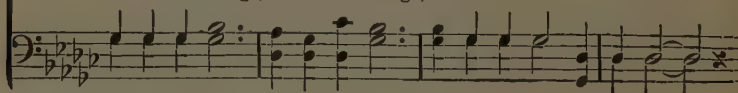
know he will keep me; He has redeemed me and I am His child.
 balm for my heal - ing, There I find comfort, and there I am blest.
 e - vil can harm me; Rest - ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.



CHORUS.



Un - der His wings, un - der His wings, Who from His love can sever?



Under His Wings.—Concluded.

Un-der His wings my soul shall abide, Safe-ly a-bide, for-ev-er.

100

Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Witter.

H. R. Palmer, by per.

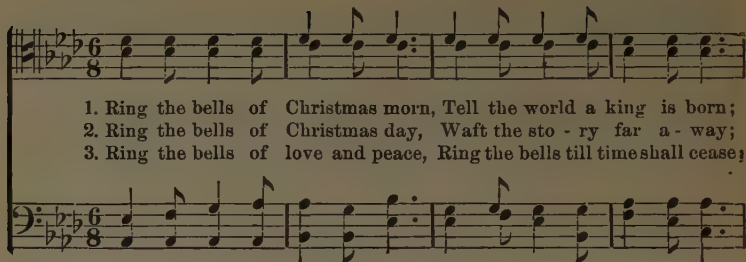
1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav-y lad-en? Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-

pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je-sus whispers to you,

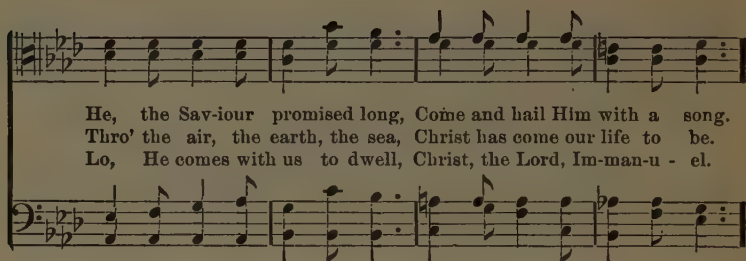
Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je-sus can now receive you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

Fanny J. Crosby.

Victor H. Benke.

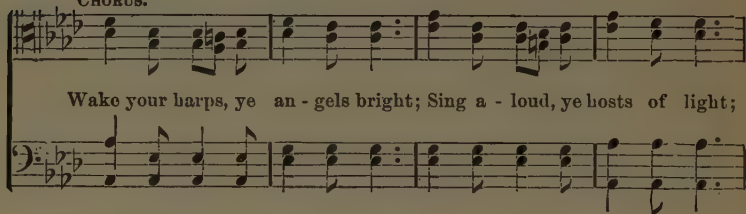


1. Ring the bells of Christmas morn, Tell the world a king is born;
 2. Ring the bells of Christmas day, Waft the sto - ry far a - way;
 3. Ring the bells of love and peace, Ring the bells till timeshall cease;

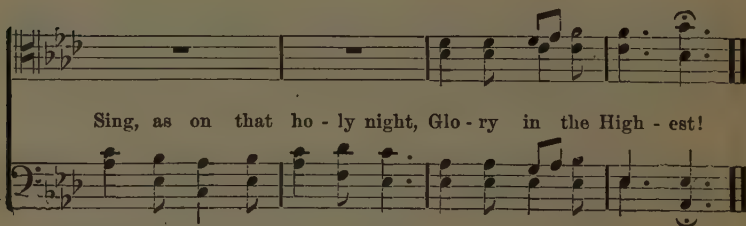


He, the Sav-iour promised long, Come and hail Him with a song.
 Thro' the air, the earth, the sea, Christ has come our life to be.
 Lo, He comes with us to dwell, Christ, the Lord, Im-man-u - el.

CHORUS.



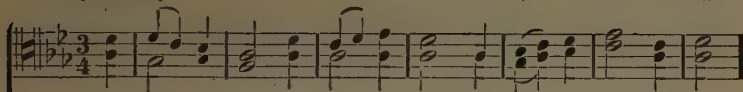
Wake your harps, ye an - gels bright; Sing a - loud, ye hosts of light;



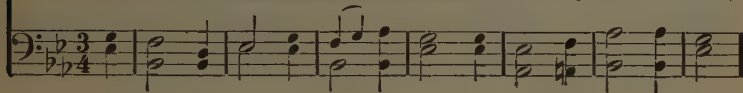
Sing, as on that ho - ly night, Glo - ry in the High - est!

Faany J. Crosby.

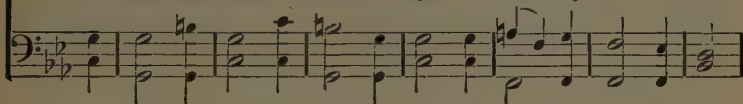
P. P. Bliss.



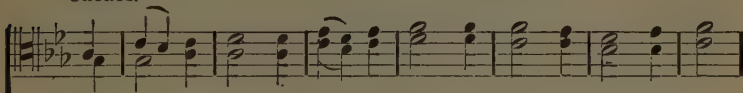
1. O heart of mine, with pa-tience wait, And be thou faith-ful still;
2. O heart of mine, thy all re-sign To Him who guides thy way,
3. O heart of mine, with pa-tience wait Till thou thy work has done,



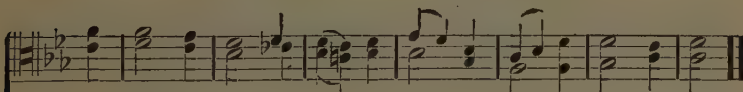
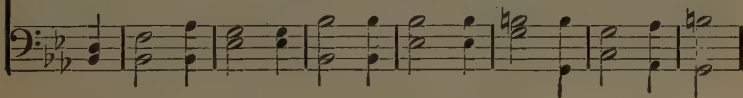
Con-tent to sit at Je-sus' feet, And there to learn His will.
Whose Bounteous Hand supplies thy need With each re-turn-ing day.
And thou shalt hear the Mas-ter say,—Thro' faith thy crown is won.



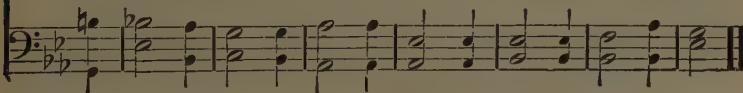
CHORUS.



He lov-eth thee, He lov-eth thee Far more than words can tell;



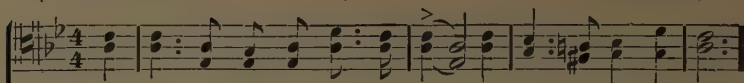
Then fol-low Him o-be-dient-ly, Who do-eth all things well.



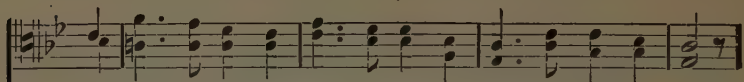
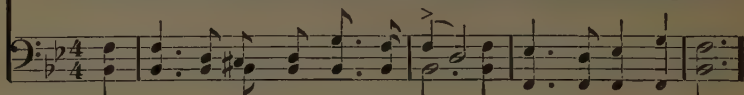
103 It Shall be Well with Thee.

Wilson Meade.

I. Allan Sankey.



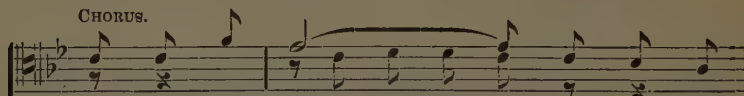
1. A storm was on the o - cean wild, Its pow'r I could not brave;
2. The storm was hush'd, the bil - lows slept, The morn in splendor broke;
3. And while I knelt in pray'r to Him, 'From whom all blessings flow,'



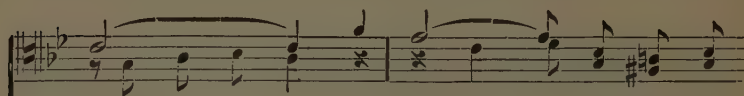
When, lo! I heard my Fa-ther's voice A - bove the surg-ing wave.
A - gain that voice with-in my soul A thrill of joy a - woke.
Once more I heard His lov-ing voice, Like mu - sic, soft and low.



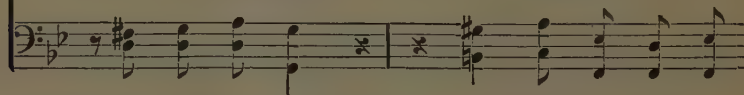
CHORUS.



Fear not, He said,..... I am thy
Fear not, He said,



Rock,..... And firm - - - ly stayed on
I am thy Rock, And firm - ly



It Shall be Well with Thee.—Concluded.

Me, In storm or calm, re -
yes, stayed on Me, In storm or calm,
mem - ber, still It shall be well with thee.
It shall be well with thee.

104

The King of Love.

Henry W. Baker.

Hubert P. Main.

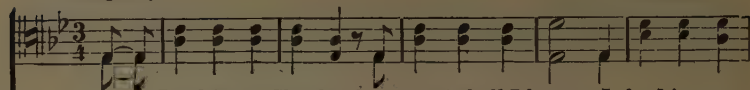
1. The King of Love my Shep-herd is, Whose goodness fail-eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ran - som'd soul He lead-eth,
3. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;
4. And so, thro' all the length of days, Thy good-ness fail-eth nev - er:

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for ev - er.
And, where the ver - dant pastures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed-eth.
Thy rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy ho - ly Word to guide me.
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for ev - er.

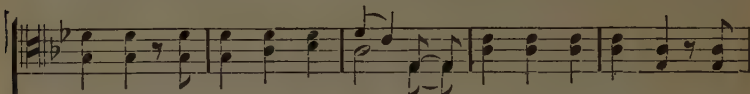
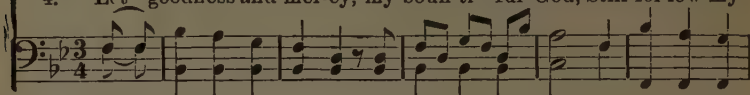
105 The Lord is My Shepherd.

J. Montgomery.

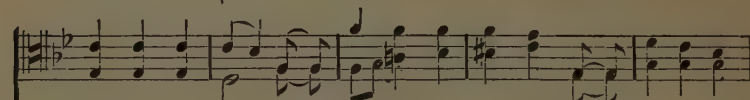
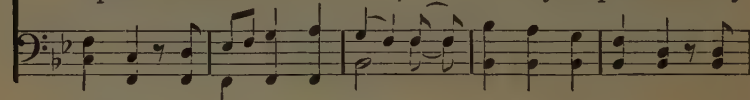
Fr. Thos. Koschat.



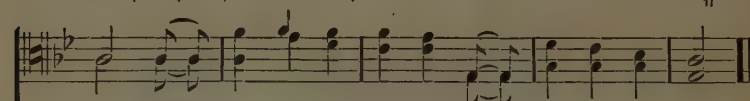
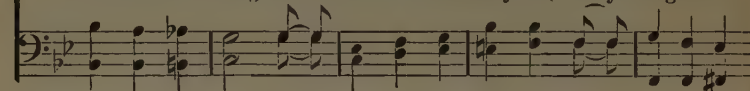
1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic-tion my table is spread; With blessings un-
4. Let goodness and mer-cy, my boun-ti - ful God, Still fol-low my



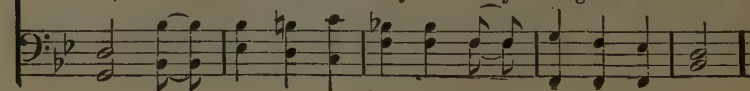
pastures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy
measured my cup runneth o'er; With perfume and oil Thou a -
steps till I meet Thee a - bove; I seek—by the path which my



still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op-
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Comforter
nointest my head; O what shall I ask of Thy providence
fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom of

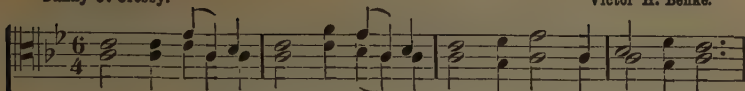


pressed; Re - stores me when wand'ring, Re - deems when op-pressed.
near; No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov-i-dence more?
love; Thro' the land of their so-journ—Thy kingdom of love.

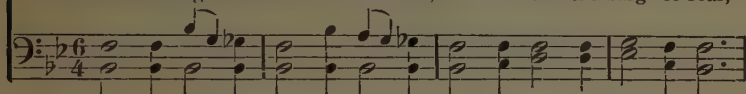


Fanny J. Crosby.

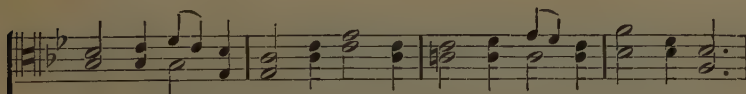
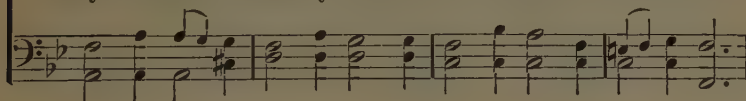
Victor H. Benke.



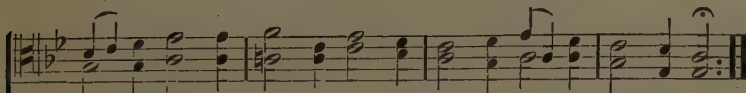
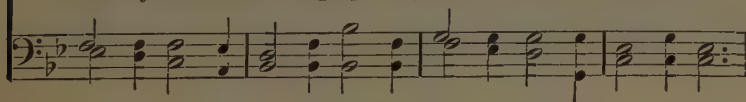
1. When the twi-light shad-ows gath-er, And I view the set-ting sun,
2. Keep my lamp still trimm'd and burning, That the world its light may see,
3. When the night shall close a-round me, And I hear the surg-es roar,



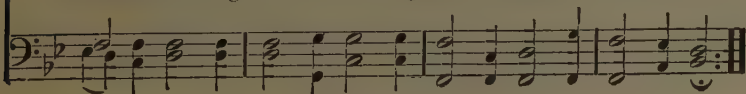
When the stream of life is ebb-ing And my work is well nigh done,
 Though I know not when Thou com-est, May I watch and wait for Thee?
 May Thine arm of mer-cy hide me Till the last wild storm is o'er.



May my faith look up se-re-ne-ly, Where the pur-er wa-ters roll,
 With my faith still look-ing up-ward, To the ha-ven of the blest,
 And my faith still look-ing up-ward, With a clear and stead-fast eye,



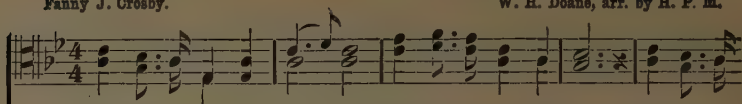
And Thy pres-ence, O my Sav-iour, With its glo-ry fill my soul.
 And the fade-less joys that wait me In the gold-en fields of rest.
 Catch the beam-ing of the morn-ing As it breaks be-yond the sky.



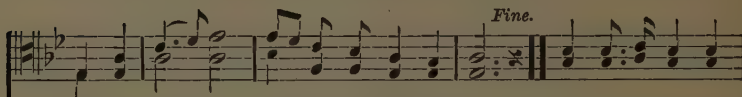
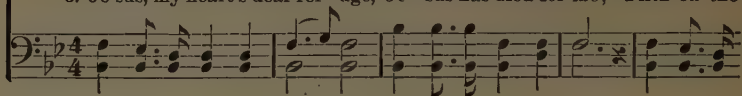
107 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

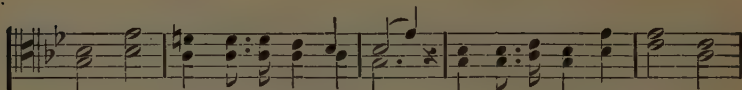
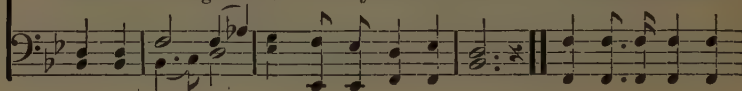
W. H. Doane, arr. by H. P. M.



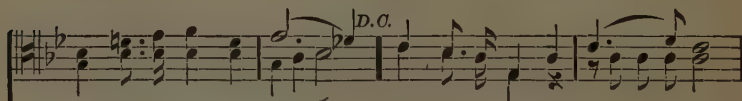
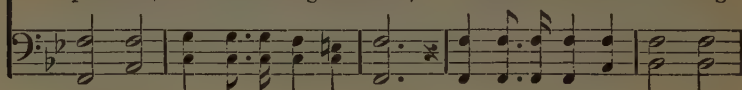
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gentle breast, There by His
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from corrod'g care, Safe from the
3. Je-sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the



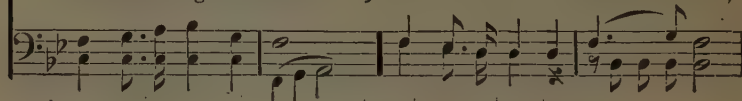
love o'er-shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest. Hark! tis the voice of
world's tempta-tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of
Rock of A - ges Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with



an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears, On - ly a few more tri - als,
pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing



O - ver the Jas - per sea..... } Safe in the arms of Je - - sus,
On - ly a few more tears..... } Safe in His arms,
Break on the gold-en shore.... }



Safe in the Arms of Jesus.—Concluded.

Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His love o'er -
 His gen - tle breast,
 His gentle breast.

shad - - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
 His love o'ershaded, yes, sweetly rest.
 rest, sweetly rest.

108

After.

F. C. A.

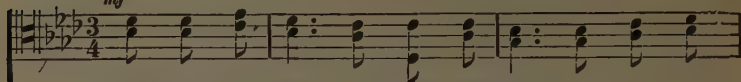
Ira D. Sankey.

1. After the show'r, the tranquil sun: Sil - ver stars when the day is done.
2. After the clouds, the vio - let sky, Quiet woods when the wind goes by.
3. After the knell, the wedding-bells, Joy - ful greetings from sad farewells.
4. After the burden, the blissful mead; After the fur-row, the wak-ing seed.

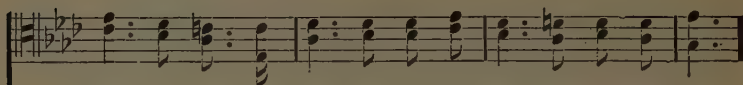
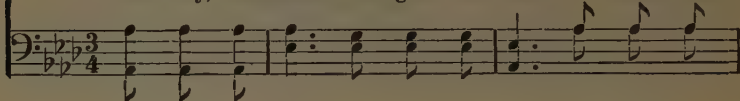
After the snow, the emerald leaves: After the harvest, gold-en sheaves.
 After the tempest, the lull of waves; After the bat - tle, peaceful graves.
 After the bud, the ra - diant rose; After our weeping, sweet re - pose.
 After the flight, the down - y nest; After the shad-ow-y riv - er—rest.

(Melody of SOLO in 2d TENOR.)

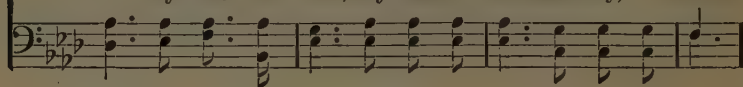
Fanny J. Crosby. [Arranged for and sung by the Amphion Quartet.] Geo. C. Stebbins.

mf

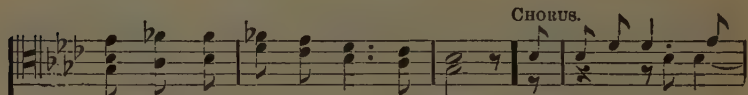
1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no
 2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not
 3. Some day, when fades the gold - en sun Be - neath the



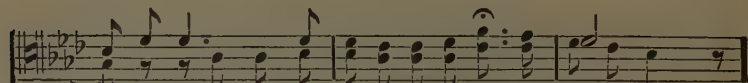
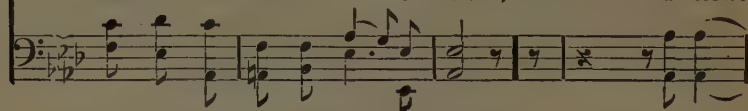
more as now shall sing; But O the joy when I shall wake
 tell how soon 'twill be, But this I know—my All in All
 ro - sy - tint - ed west, My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!"



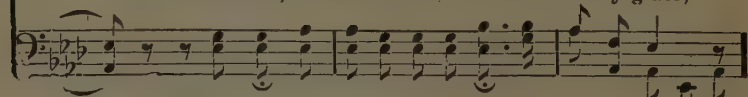
CHORUS.



With - in the pal - ace of the King! } And I shall see Him
 Has now a place in heav'n for me. }
 And I shall en - ter in - to rest. } shall see...



face to face, And tell the story—saved by grace;
 His face, by grace;



Saved by Grace.—Concluded.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the sto-
shall see.... His face,

ry— saved.... by grace; shall see His face,
And I shall see Him face to face,

And tell the sto-ry—saved by grace, And I shall see Him
by grace, shall see...

face to face, And tell the sto-ry—saved.... by grace.
..... His face,

Fanny J. Crosby.

Victor H. Benka.

1. Soldiers for the King of glo - ry, On-ward now with courage brave;
 2. At His sig - nallet us fol - low, At His mandate let us go
 3. He hassaid that weshall cou - quer, And His prom - ise we be - lieve;
 4. Onward! forward! firm and fearless He will guide us with His eye,

Hold a - loft Hisroy - al stand - ard Andproclaim Hispow'rto save....
 To the foremost ranks of bat - tle, With our fac - es to the foe.....
 He hassaid Hisloy - al sol - diers Life e - ter - nal shall re - ceive...
 And for ev - ery pain we suf - fer, Joy will crown us by and by.....

CHORUS.

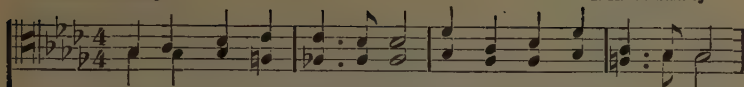
Nev - er wea - ry in His serv - ice, Nev - er lay our arm - or down

Nev - er wea - ry in His service, Nev - er lay our armor down

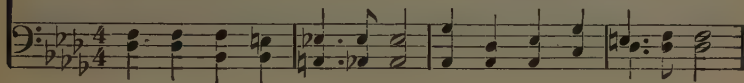
Till the fight of faith is end - ed, And we wear the victor's crown.

Fanny J. Crosby.

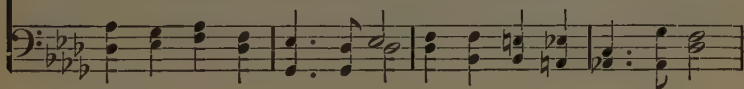
I. Allan Sankey



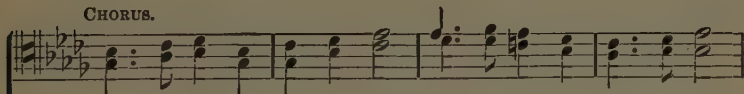
1. Trust-ing in the Sav-iour's name, Now the prom-ise all may claim;
2. Now the joy-ful words resound, Seek Him while He may be found;
3. Still He calls; no more de-lay; Soon the hours will pass a-way:



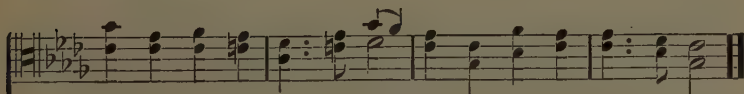
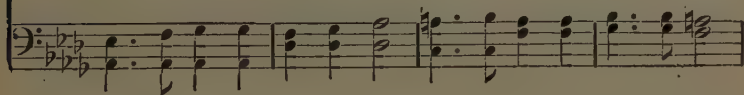
Who-so - ev - er will be-lieve, Life e - ter-nal shall re-ceive.
 Burdened souls, by sin oppress'd, Come and find e - ter - nal rest.
 Do not slight the gra-cious call, Live for Him who died for all.



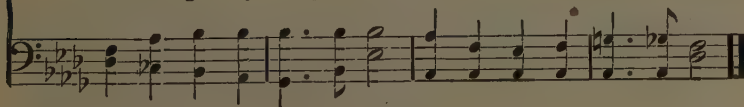
CHORUS.



Now the pa-tient Spir-it pleads, Now the Sav-iour in - ter-cedes;



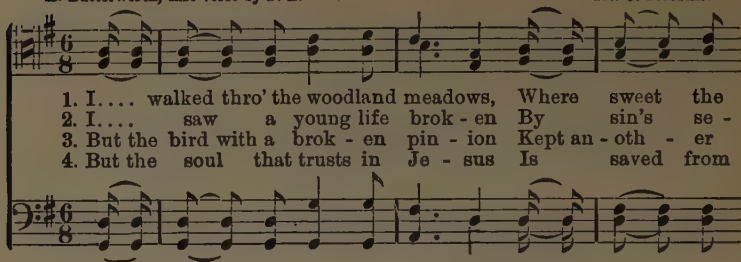
Now He gen-tly whis-pers, "Come To thy lov-ing Fa-ther's home."



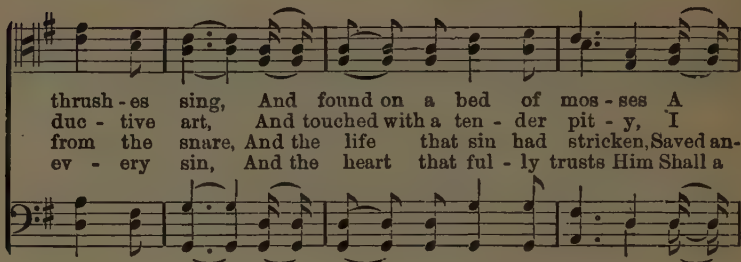
112 Bird with a Broken Wing.

H. Butterworth, last verse by P. B.

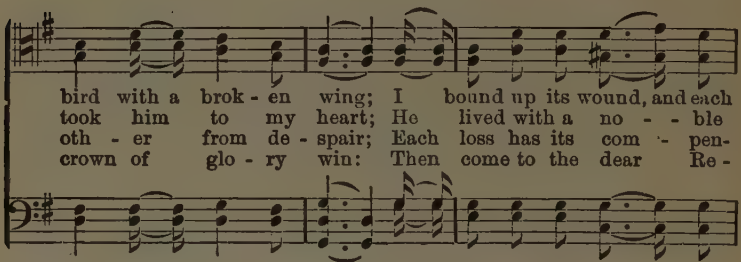
Geo. C. Stebbins.



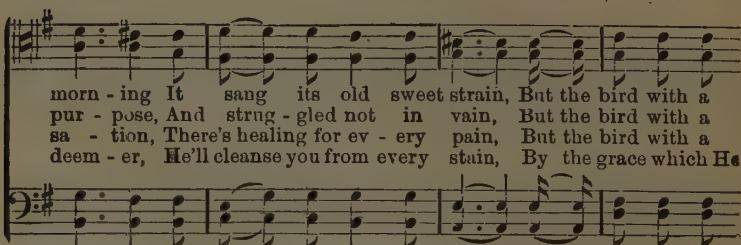
1. I... walked thro' the woodland meadows, Where sweet the
 2. I... saw a young life brok - en By sin's se -
 3. But the bird with a brok - en pin - ion Kept an - oth - er
 4. But the soul that trusts in Je - sus Is saved from



thrush - es sing, And found on a bed of mos - ses A
 duc - tive art, And touched with a ten - der pit - y, I
 from the snare, And the life that sin had stricken, Saved an -
 ev - ery sin, And the heart that ful - ly trusts Him Shall a

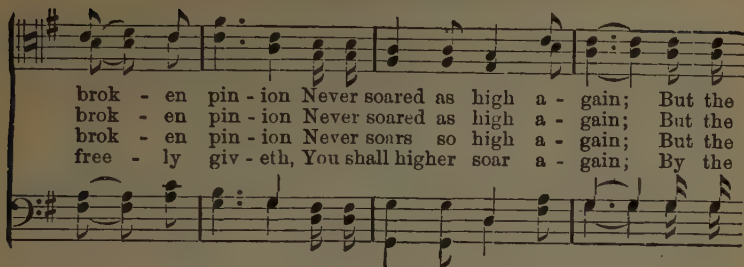


bird with a brok - en wing; I bound up its wound, and each
 took him to my heart; He lived with a no - - ble
 oth - er from de - spair; Each loss has its com - pen -
 crown of glo - ry win: Then come to the dear Re -

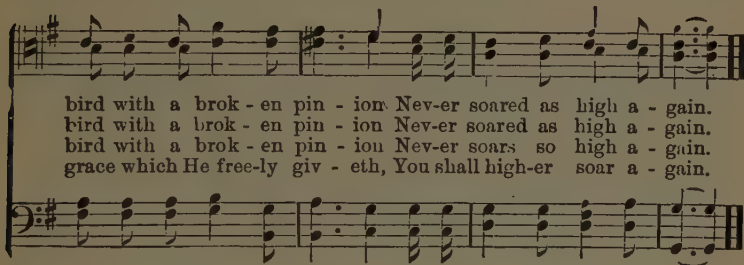


morn - ing It sang its old sweet strain, But the bird with a
 pur - pose, And strug - gled not in vain, But the bird with a
 sa - tion, There's healing for ev - ery pain, But the bird with a
 deem - er, He'll cleanse you from every stain, By the grace which He

Bird with a Broken Wing.—Concluded.



brok - en pin - ion Never soared as high a - gain; But the
 brok - en pin - ion Never soared as high a - gain; But the
 brok - en pin - ion Never soars so high a - gain; But the
 free - ly giv - eth, You shall higher soar a - gain; By the



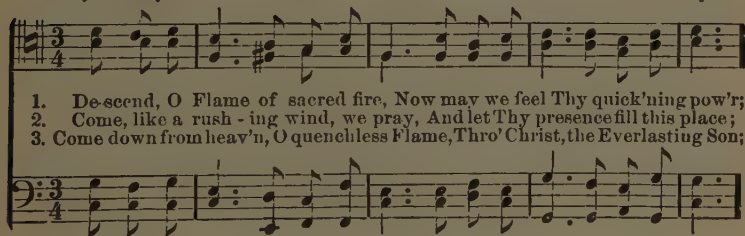
bird with a brok - en pin - ion Nev - er soared as high a - gain.
 bird with a brok - en pin - ion Nev - er soared as high a - gain.
 bird with a brok - en pin - ion Nev - er soars so high a - gain.
 grace which He free - ly giv - eth, You shall high - er soar a - gain.

113

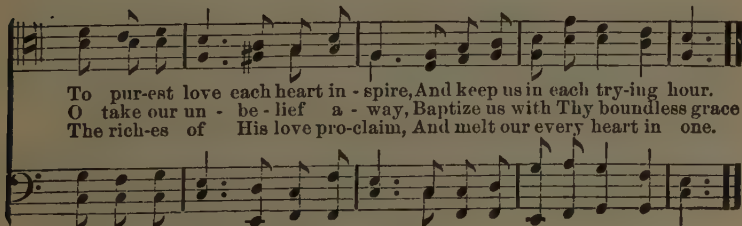
Descend, O Flame.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Ira D. Sankey.



1. De - scend, O Flame of sacred fire, Now may we feel Thy quick'ning pow'r;
2. Come, like a rush - ing wind, we pray, And let Thy presence fill this place;
3. Come down from heav'n, O quenchless Flame, Thro' Christ, the Everlasting Son;



To pur - est love each heart in - spire, And keep us in each try - ing hour.
 O take our un - be - lief a - way, Baptize us with Thy boundless grace
 The rich - es of His love pro - claim, And melt our every heart in one.

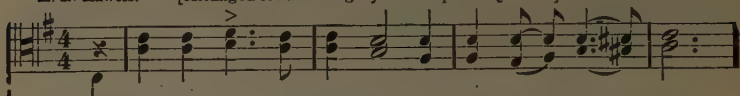
The Homeland!

(Melody partly in 2d TENOR.)

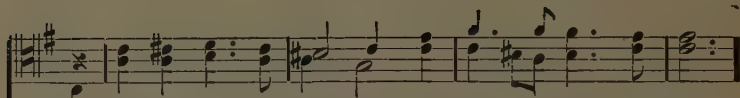
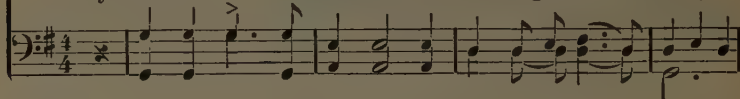
H. B. Haweis.

[Arranged for and sung by the Amphion Quartet.]

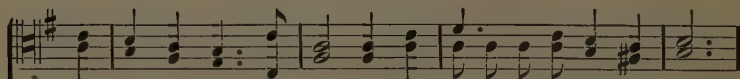
Geo. C. Stebbins.



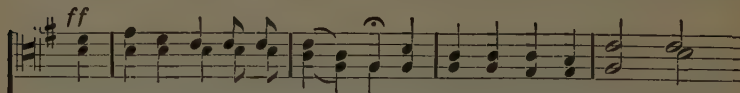
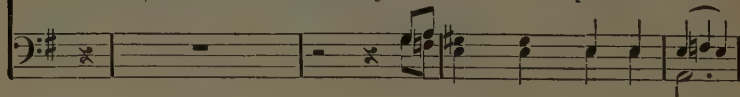
1. The Homeland! O the Homeland! The land of the free - born!
 2. My Lord is in the Homeland, With an - gels bright and fair;
 3. My loved ones in the Homeland Are wait - ing me to come,



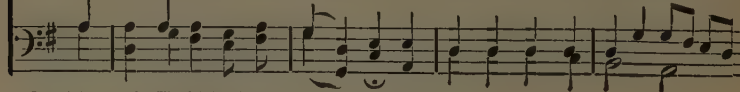
There's no night in the Home-land, But aye the fade - less morn;
 There's no sin in the Home-land, And no temp - ta - tion there;
 Where nei - ther death nor sor - row In - vades their ho - ly home;



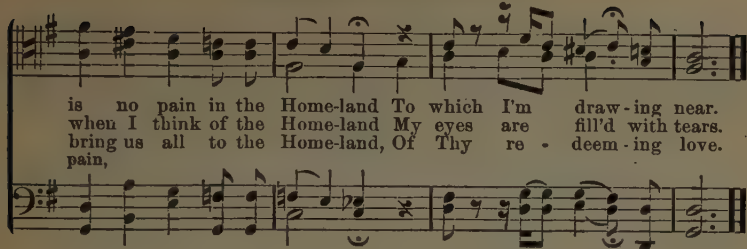
I'm sigh - ing for the Homeland, My heart ^{my heart} is ach - ing here;
 The mu - sic of the Homeland Is ring - ing in my ears;
 O dear, dear na - tive Coun - try! O rest and peace a - bove!



There is no pain in the Homeland To which I'm drawing near; There
 And when I think of the Homeland My eyes are fill'd with tears; And
 Christ bring us all to the Homeland, Of Thy re - deem - ing love; Christ
 There is no



The Homeland!—Concluded.

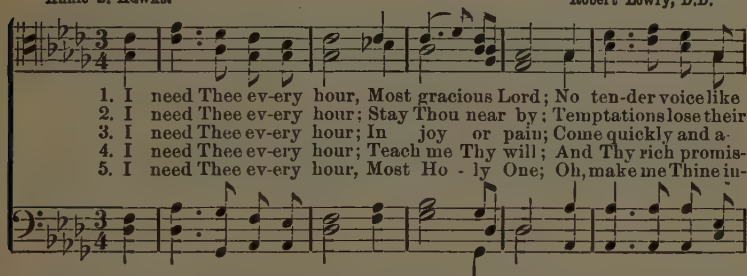


is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
 when I think of the Home-land My eyes are fill'd with tears.
 bring us all to the Home-land, Of Thy re - deem-ing love.
 pain,

115 I Need Thee every Hour.

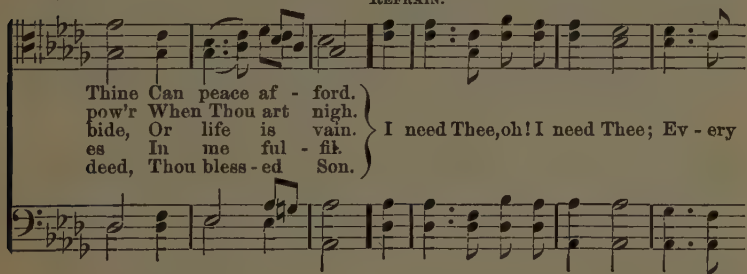
Annie S. Hawks.

Robert Lowry, D.D.

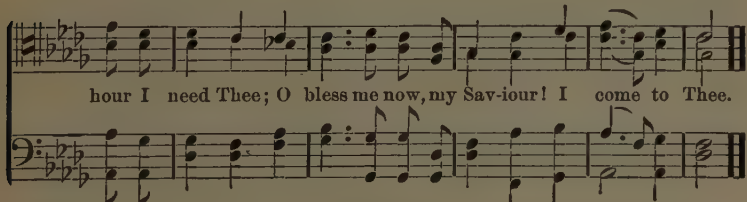


1. I need Thee ev-ery hour, Most gracious Lord; No ten-der voicelike
 2. I need Thee ev-ery hour; Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their
 3. I need Thee ev-ery hour; In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
 4. I need Thee ev-ery hour; Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-
 5. I need Thee ev-ery hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-

REFRAIN.



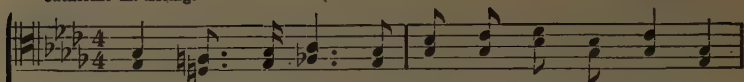
Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 bide, Or life is vain.
 es In me ful - fil.
 deed, Thou bless-ed Son. } I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - ery



hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav-iour! I come to Thee.

Catherine H. Esling.

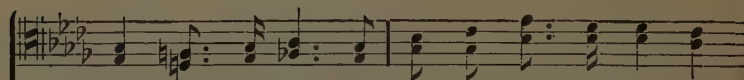
Geo. C. Stebbins.



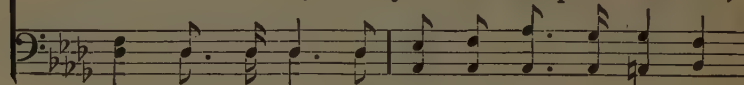
1. "Come un - to me," when shad-ows dark - ly gath - er,
2. Large are the man-sions in our Fa-ther's dwell-ing,
3. There, like an e - den blos-som - ing in glad-ness,



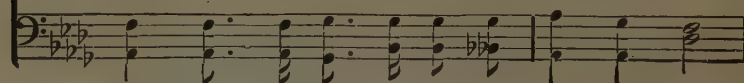
When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis-trest,
 Glad are the homes that sor - rows nev - er dim,
 Bloom the fair flow'rs that earth too rude - ly prest;



Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly Fa - ther,
 Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell-ing,
 "Come un - to me," all ye who droop in sad - ness,



"Come un - to me, and I will give you rest."
 Soft are the tones that raise the heav'n - ly hymn.
 "Come un - to me, and I will give you rest."



Come unto Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

"Come un-to me,..... Come un-to me,.....
 "Come, come, come un-to me, Come, come, come un-to me,

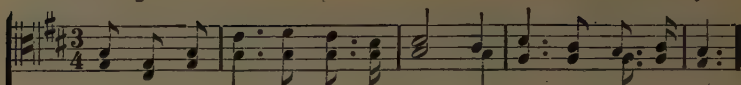
Come un-to me, and I will give you rest;...
 Come, come, come un-to me, and will give you rest;

Come un-to me,..... Come un-to me,.....
 Come, come, come un-to me, Come, come, come un-to me,

Come... un-to me, and I will give you rest."
 Come, come, come un-to me, and will give you rest."

Julia Sterling.

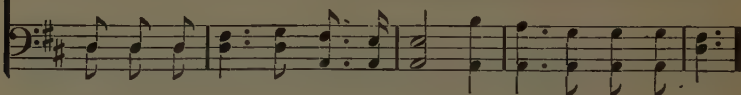
Ira D. Sankey.



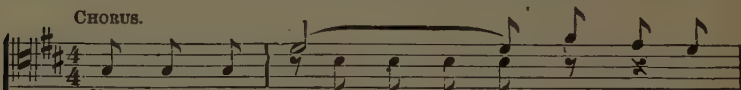
1. I am redeemed, O praise the Lord; My soul from bondage free,
2. I looked, and lo! from Calvary's Cross A healing fountain stream'd;
3. The debt is paid, my soul is free, And by His mighty pow'r,
4. All glo - ry be to Je - sus' name, I know that He is mine,
5. And when I reach that world more bright Than mortal ev - er dreamed,



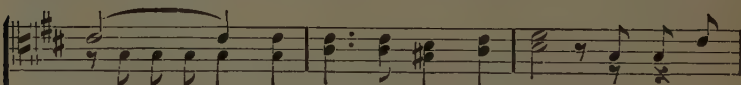
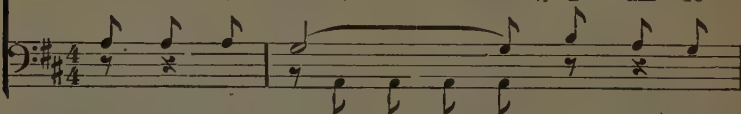
Has found at last a rest - ing - place In Him who died for me.
 It cleansed my heart, and now I sing, Praise God, I am redeemed.
 The blood that washed my sins a - way Still cleanseth ev - ery hour.
 For on my heart the spir - it seals His pledge of love di - vine.
 I'll cast my crown at Je - sus' feet, And cry, "Redeemed, redeemed."



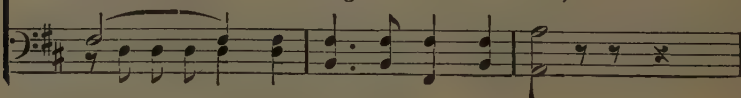
CHORUS.



I am re - deemed (I am re - deemed), I am re -



deemed (I am redeemed), I'll sing it o'er and o'er; I am re -



I am Redeemed.—Concluded.

deemed (I am redeemed), O praise the Lord (O praise the Lord);

Re-deemed (redeemed) for - ev - er - more (for - ev - er - more).

118 Only a Little While.

Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. On-ly a lit - tle while Of walking with wea-ry feet,
 2. Suf-fer, if God shall will, And work for Him while we may; From
 3. On-ly a lit - tle while, For toil-ing a few short days, And

Patient-ly o-ver the thorn-y way That leads to the gold-en street.
 Cal-va-ry's cross to Zi-on's crown Is on-ly a lit - tle way.
 then comes the rest, the qui-et rest, E - ter-ni-ty's end-less praise.

H. Bonar, alt.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. Fad - ing a - way like the stars of the morn - ing;
 2. Shall we be missed, though by oth - ers suc - ceed - ed,
 3. On - ly the truth that in life we have spo - ken,

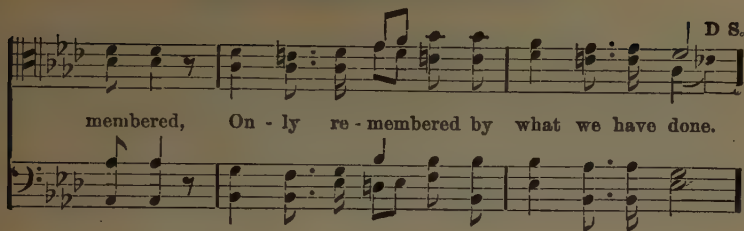
Los - ing their light in the glo - ri - ous sun— Thus would we
 Reap - ing the fields we in spring - time have sown? No, for the
 On - ly the seed that on earth we have sown; These shall pass
 D. S.— *Thus would we*

pass from the earth and its toil - ing, On - ly remembered by
 sow - ers may pass from their la - bors, On - ly remembered by
 on - ward when we are for - got - ten, Fruits of the har - vest and
 pass from the earth and its toil - ing, On - ly re - membered by

FINE. REFRAIN.

what we have done. } On - ly re - membered, on - ly re -
 what they have done. }
 what we have done. }
 what we have done.

Only Remembered.—Concluded.



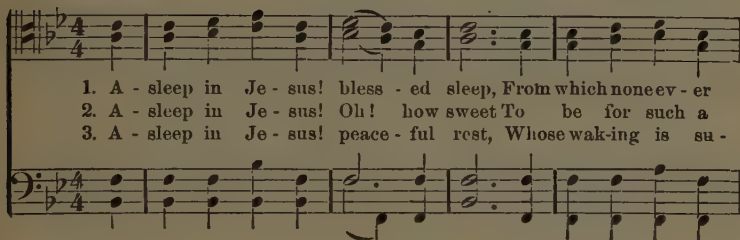
membered, On - ly re - membered by what we have done.

120

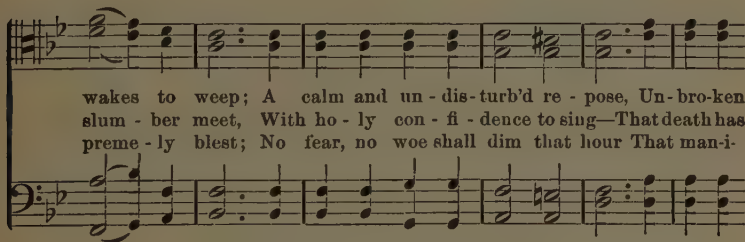
Asleep in Jesus!

M. Mackay.

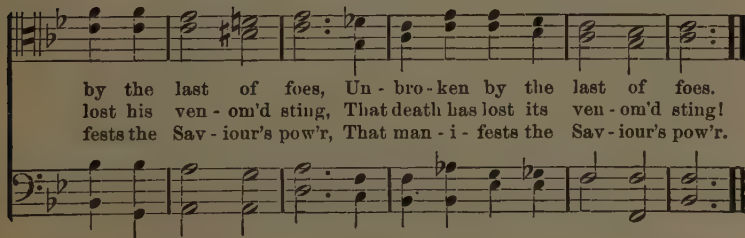
Hubert P. Main.



1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! Oh! how sweet To be for such a
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! peace - ful rest, Whose wak - ing is su -



wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis - turb'd re - pose, Un - bro - ken
slum - ber meet, With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing—That death has
preme - ly blest; No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man - i -



by the last of foes, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.
lost his ven - om'd sting, That death has lost its ven - om'd sting!
fests the Sav - iour's pow'r, That man - i - fests the Sav - iour's pow'r.

121 Only a River between Us.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Melody marked with an *, other parts to be subdued,
except when 1st Tenor has the air.

I. Allan Sankey.

*
1. On - ly a riv - er be - tween us, Part - ing our dear ones a -
2. Tho'neath the clods of the val - ley, Forms that we cher - ish may

while;..... On - ly a veil that di - vides us,— Hid - ing the
awhile;
sleep;..... God has com-missioned His an - gels, Watch o'er our
may sleep;

light of their smile; On - ly a sigh and a strug - gle, On - ly a
loved ones to keep. On - ly the leaves of the vine - tree Wither, and

mo-ment of pain;..... Then 'mid the splendors of E - - den,
of pain;
languish and die;..... God hath trans-plant-ed its branch - es,
and die; *mf

*mf On - - ly, a
We shall be - hold them a - gain..... } 3. On - ly a mo-ment of
Garnered its fruits in the sky..... } On - - ly a

mo - ment of an - guish, When at the Jor - dan we part;
 an - - guish, When at the Jor - dan we part;.....
 mo - ment of an - guish, When at the Jor - dan we part;

p On - - ly a sil - ver cord bro - ken, Hush - ing each
**mf* On - ly a sil - ver cord bro - - - ken,
 On - - - ly a cord..... bro - ken,

'Twill be sun - shine,
pp * *p* throb of the heart; Aft - er the storm 'twill be sun - shine,
pp

** rall.*
 Aft - er our la - bor, re - pose,..... Then we shall meet where the
 re - pose,

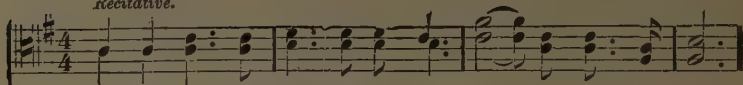
rall.
 morn - ing Nev - er, no, nev - er..... will close.
rall.

123 God shall Wipe Away all Tears.

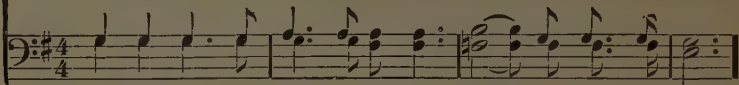
Rev. 21 : 2-4.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

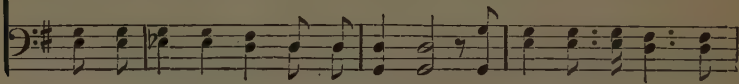
Recitative.



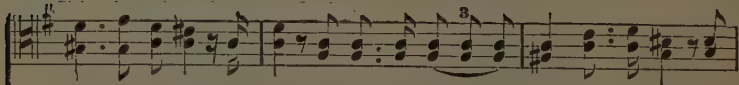
I, John, saw the Ho - ly Cit - y, New Je - ru - sa - lem.



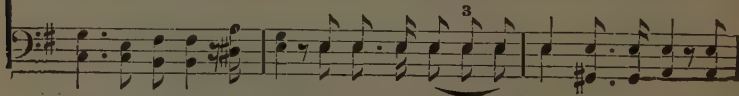
com - ing down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride a -



dorned for her hus - band: And I heard a great voice out of

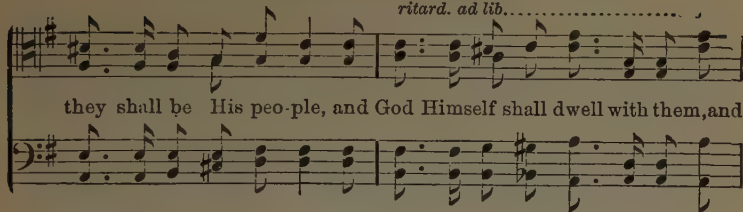


Heaven, saying: Behold, the Tab - er - na - cle of God is with men, and



God shall Wipe Away all Tears.— Continued.

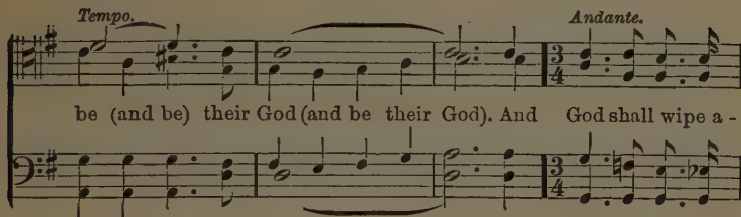
ritard. ad lib.



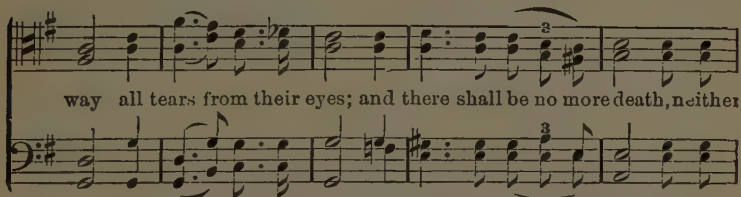
they shall be His peo-ple, and God Himself shall dwell with them, and

Tempo.

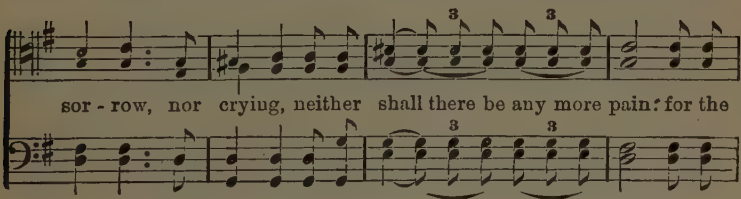
Andante.



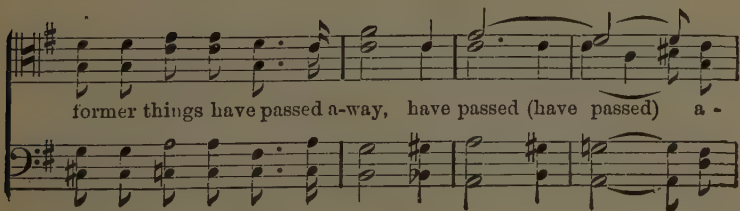
be (and be) their God (and be their God). And God shall wipe a -



way all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither



sor - row, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the



former things have passed a-way, have passed (have passed) a -

God shall Wipe Away all Tears.— Concluded.

way (a - way). And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and

there shall be no more death, neither sor-row, nor cry-ing, neither

shall there be any more pain: for the former things have passed away, have

passed (have passed) a - way. And God shall wipe a-way all

tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes, all tears from their eyes.

SECULAR AND PATRIOTIC SONGS

FOR

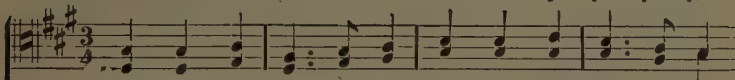
SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

124


America.

Samuel F. Smith, D.D.


Adapted by Henry Carey.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, An - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet Freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's



pil - grim's pride, From ev - ery mountain side Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

125 The Star-spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

John Stafford Smith.

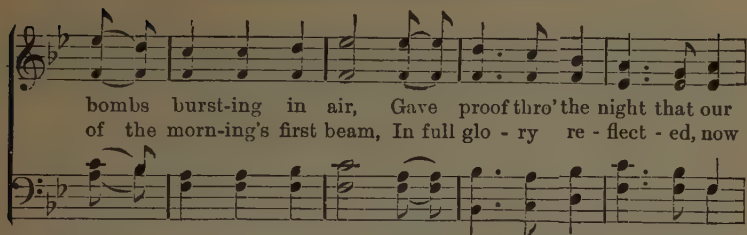
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the

proud-ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleaming? Whose broad
foe's haughty host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is

stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il-ous fight, O'er the ramparts we
that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly

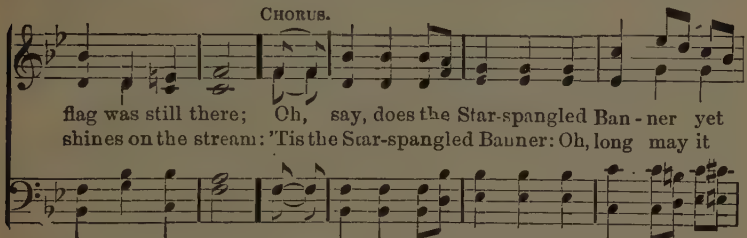
watched, were so gal-lant-ly streaming; And the rocket's red glare,
blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es? Now it catch-es the gleam

The Star-spangled Banner.—Concluded.

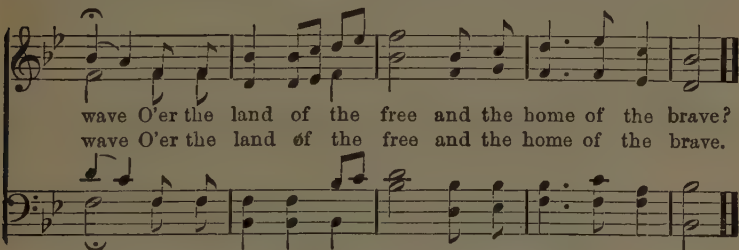


bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our
of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now

CHORUS.



flag was still there; Oh, say, does the Star-spangled Ban - ner yet
shines on the stream: 'Tis the Star-spangled Bauner: Oh, long may it



wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

- 3 And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war and the battles confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
- 4 Oh, thus be it ever when freeman shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Joseph Hopkinson.

J. Fayles.

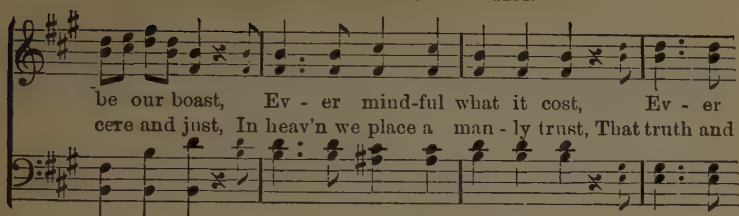
1. Hail! Co - lum - bia, hap - py land, Hail! ye he - roes,
2. Im - mor - tal pat - riots, rise once more, De - fend your rights, de -

heav'n-born band, Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause, Who fought and
fend your shore, Let no rude foe with impious hand, Let no rude

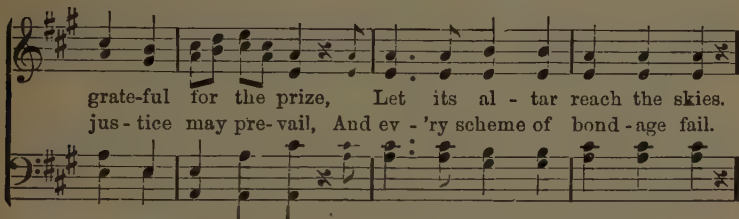
bled in Freedom's cause, And, when the storm of war was gone, En -
foe with impious hand, In - vade the shrine where sacred lies, Of

joyed the peace your val - or won! Let In - de - pen - dence
toil and blood the well-earned prize, While of - f'ring peace, sin -

Hail! Columbia.—Concluded.

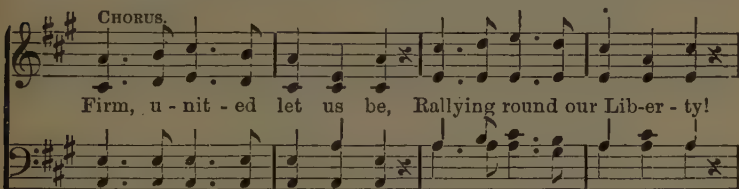


be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost, Ev - er
cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That truth and

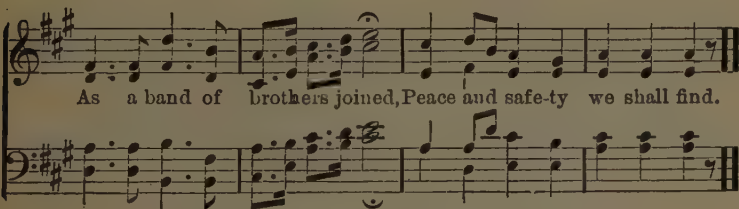


grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
jus - tice may pre-vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond-age fail.

CHORUS.



Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our Lib-er - ty!



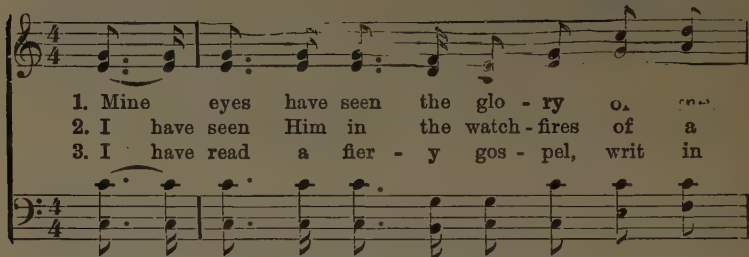
As a band of brothers joined, Peace and safe-ty we shall find.

3 Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolved on death or Liberty!—Cho.

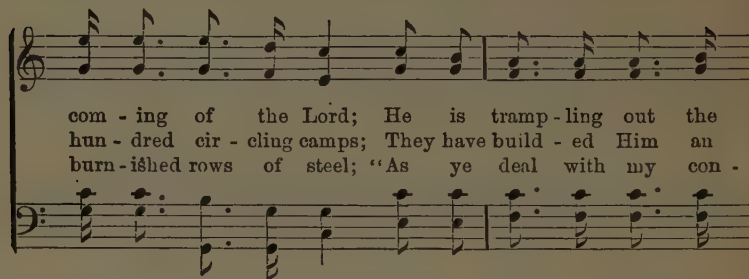
127 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

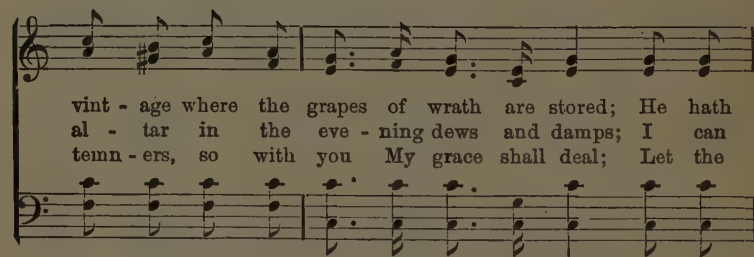
William Stebbins.



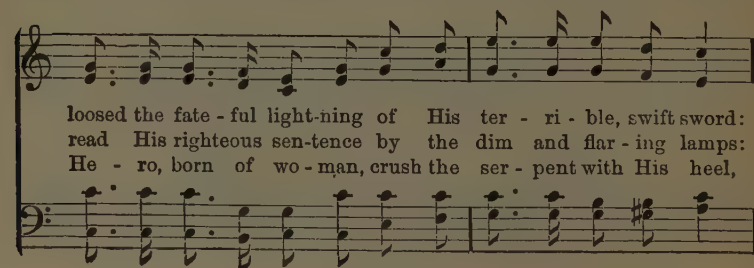
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry o -
 2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a
 3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel, writ in



com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp - ling out the
 hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have build - ed Him an
 burn - ished rows of steel; "As ye deal with my con -

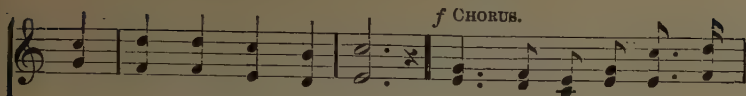


vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
 temn - ers, so with you My grace shall deal; Let the



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble, swift sword;
 read His righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps;
 He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with His heel,

Battle Hymn of the Republic.—Concluded.

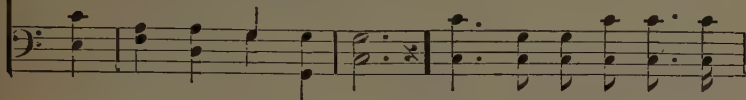


His truth is march-ing on.

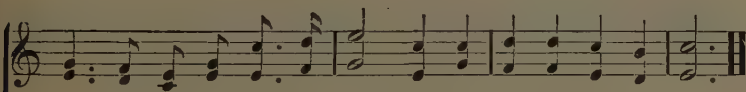
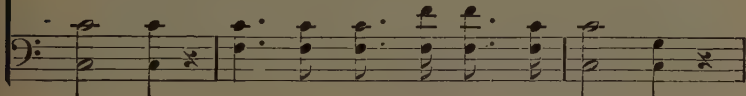
His day is march-ing on.

Since God is march-ing on." }

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le' -



lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.



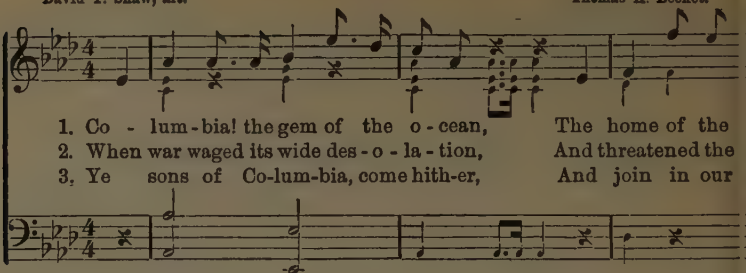
4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching 'on.—CHO.

5 In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.—CHO.

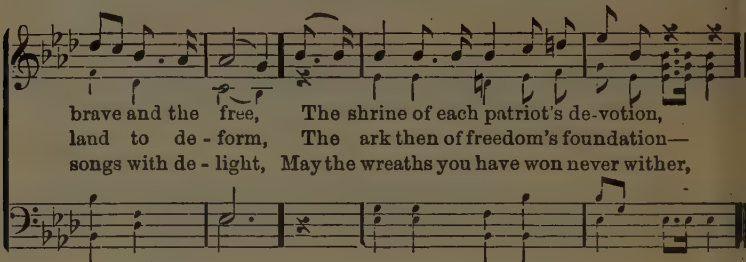
128 Red, White and Blue.

David T. Shaw, alt.

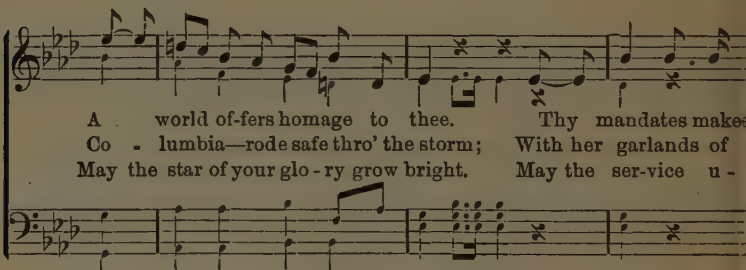
Thomas A. Becket.



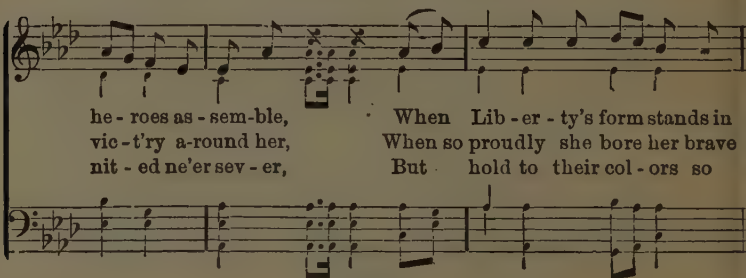
1. Co - lum-bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the
2. When war waged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threatened the
3. Ye sons of Co-lum-bia, come hith-er, And join in our



brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's de-votion,
land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foundation—
songs with de - light, May the wreaths you have won never wither,

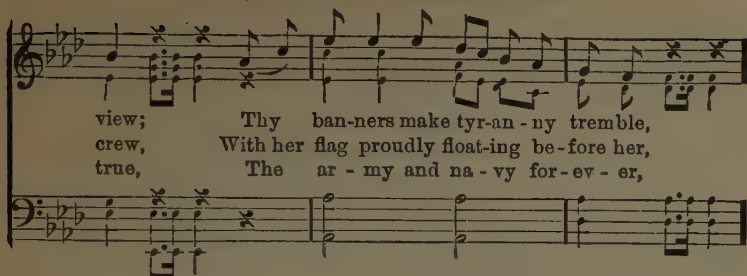


A world of-fers homage to thee. Thy mandates makes
Co - lumbia—rode safe thro' the storm; With her garlands of
May the star of your glo - ry grow bright. May the ser-vice u -

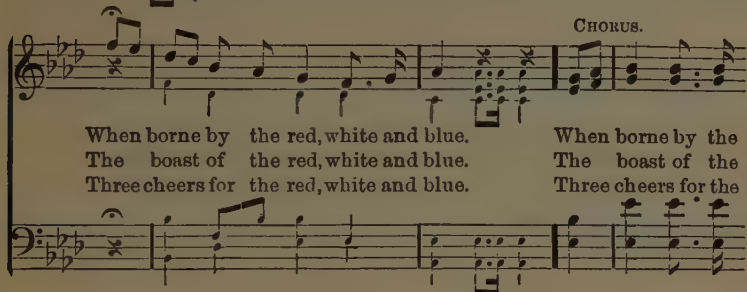


he - roes as - sem-ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in
vic - t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave
nit - ed ne'er sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so

Red, White and Blue.—Concluded.

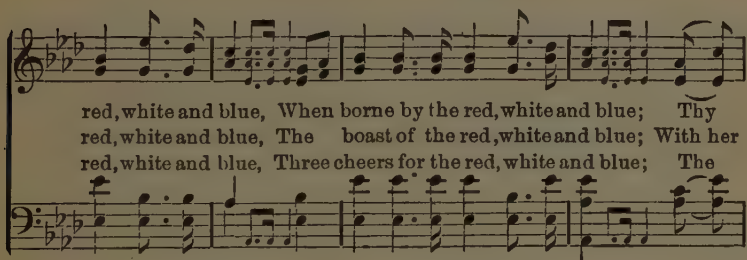


view; Thy ban-ners make tyr-an - ny tremble,
crew, With her flag proudly float-ing be-fore her,
true, The ar - my and na - vy for-ev - er,

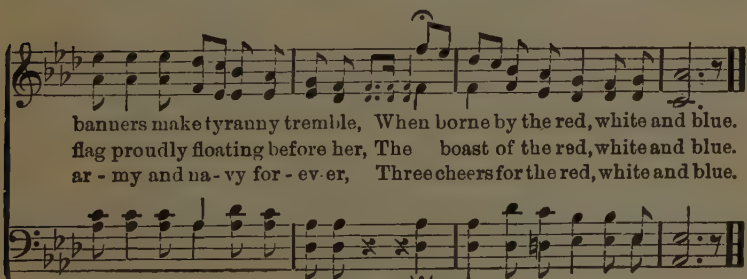


CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white and blue. When borne by the
The boast of the red, white and blue. The boast of the
Three cheers for the red, white and blue. Three cheers for the



red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue; Thy
red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue; With her
red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; The

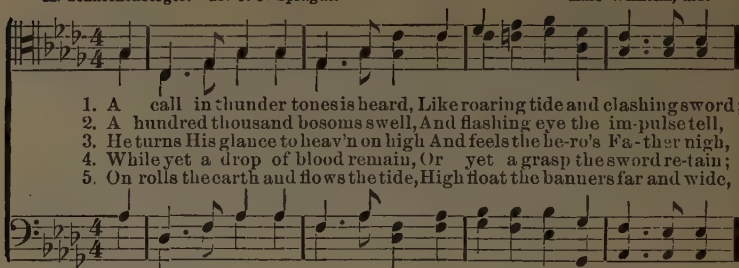


banners make tyranny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proudly floating before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

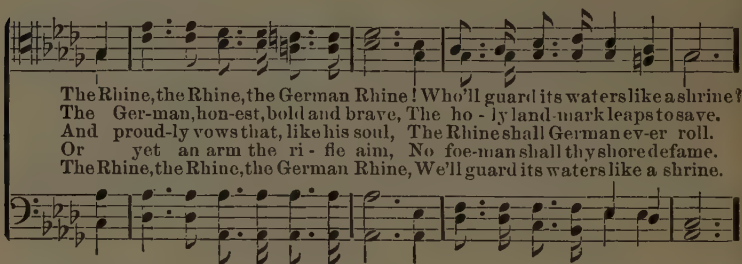
129 The Watch on the Rhine.

M. Schneckenberger. Tr. C. J. Sprague.

Karl Wilhelm, arr.

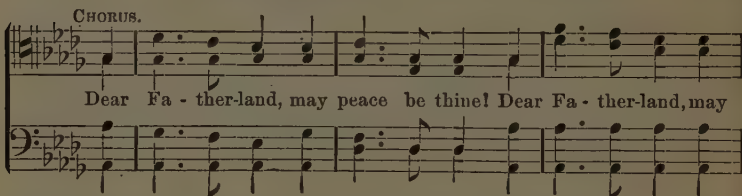


1. A call in thunder tones is heard, Like roaring tide and clashing sword;
2. A hundred thousand bosoms swell, And flashing eye the impulse tell,
3. He turns His glance to heav'n on high And feels the he-ro's Fa-ther nigh,
4. While yet a drop of blood remain, Or yet a grasp the sword re-tain;
5. On rolls the earth and flows the tide, High float the banners far and wide,

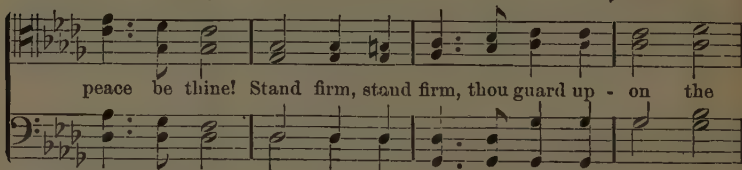


The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! Who'll guard its waters like a shrine?
 The Ger-man, hon-est, bold and brave, The ho-ly land-mark leaps to save,
 And proud-ly vows that, like his soul, The Rhine shall German ev-er roll.
 Or yet an arm the ri-fle aim, No foe-man shall thy shore defame.
 The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine, We'll guard its waters like a shrine.

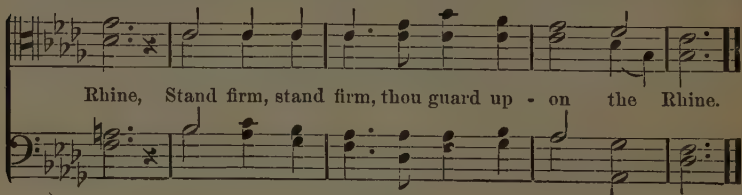
CHORUS.



Dear Fa-ther-land, may peace be thine! Dear Fa-ther-land, may



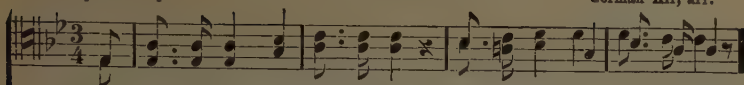
peace be thine! Stand firm, stand firm, thou guard up - on the



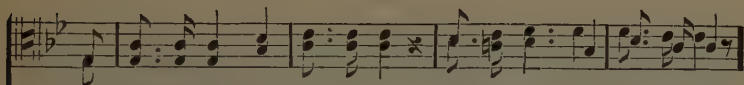
Rhine, Stand firm, stand firm, thou guard up - on the Rhine.

Fanny J. Crosby.

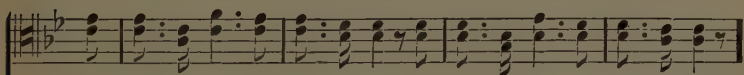
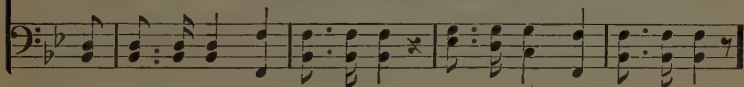
German Air, arr.



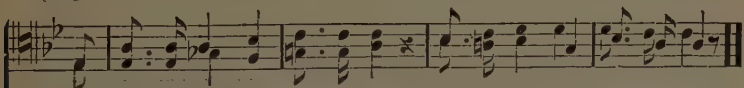
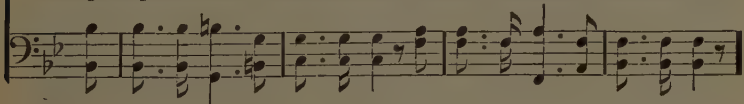
1. With fil - ial love we cling to thee, Na-tive land, our na-tive land;
2. Thy fields are broad with plenty crowned, Na-tive land, our na-tive land;
3. Where first the stars of freedom rose, Na-tive land, our na-tive land;



The cradling place of lib - er - ty, Na-tive land, our na-tive land;
 Thy state-ly trees with fruit abound, Na-tive land, our na-tive land;
 Our veteran sires in peace re-pose, Na-tive land, our na-tive land;



No oth-er clime such deeds has done; No oth-er flag such fame has won;
 Where giant rocks ma-jes-tic rise, The ea-gle soars to reach the skies;
 Their precepts old, their watchful care, The smile, the song, the earnest pray'r,



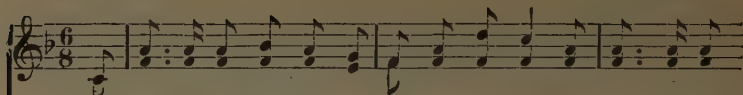
No home like thine be-neath the sun; Na-tive land, our na-tive land.
 'Tis thee we love, 'tis thee we prize; Na-tive land, our na-tive land.
 Like fadeless gems their children wear; Na-tive land, our na-tive land.



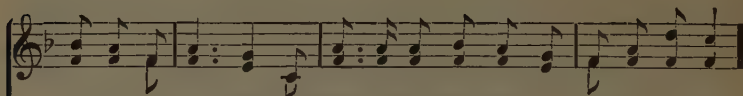
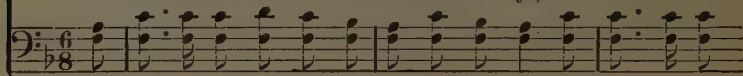
Words and arr. Copyright, 1898, by The Biglow & Main Co.

Fanny J. Crosby.

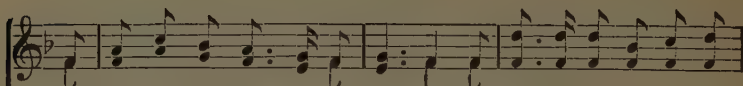
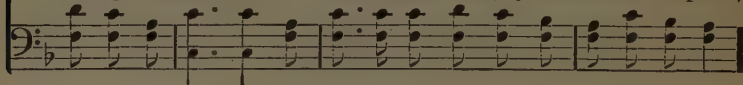
Ira D. Sankey.



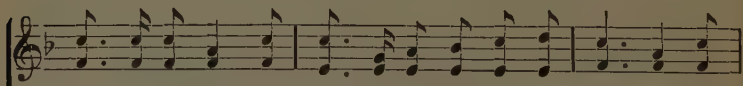
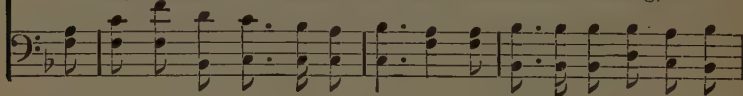
1. All hail to the flag with its col - ors so bright,—The time-honored
2. Oh, green be the graves, that in mem-'ry we trace, The graves where our
3. Our an-thems we raise to the An-cient of Days, The Lord who in



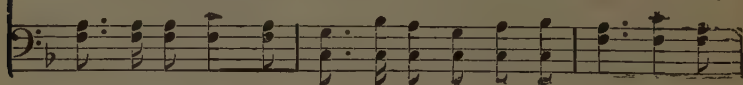
flag of our na - tion; It sweeps thro' the air like a crea-ture of light,
 he - roes are sleep-ing; With ten - der e - mo - tion we hal - low the place,
 tri-umph de-scend - ed! In wars' dreadful hour, by the word of His pow'r,



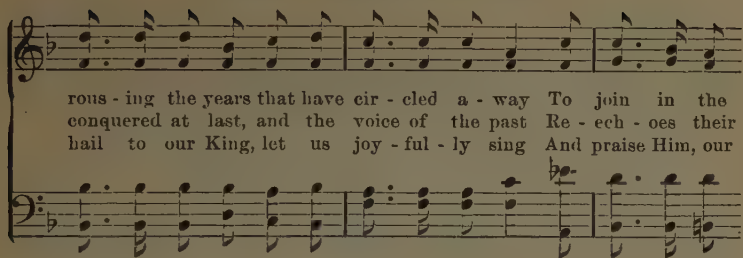
In - spir - ing our hearts' ad - o - ra - tion! All hail to the flag that so
 Where friendship her vig - il is keep - ing. They fought for the flag, and the
 The flag that we love was de - fend - ed. Then hail to the flag, our Cre -



no - bly to - day Is wav - ing in maj - es - ty o'er us, A -
 lau - rels they won Still bloom as we her - ald their sto - ry; They
 a - tor hath blest. The time-honored flag of our na - tion. All

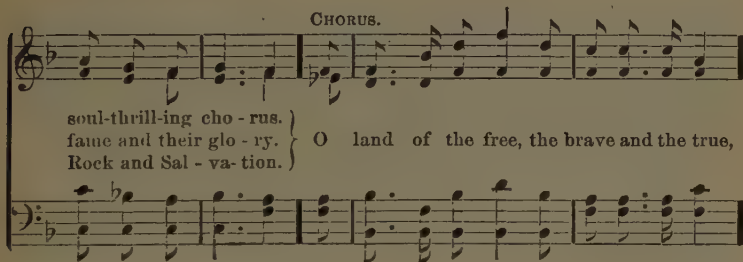


Hymn to the Flag.—Concluded.

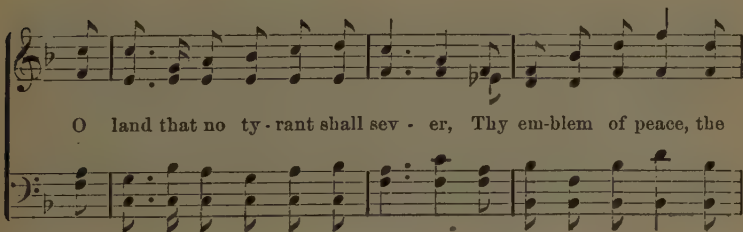


rous - ing the years that have cir - cled a - way To join in the
conquered at last, and the voice of the past Re - ech - oes their
hail to our King, let us joy - ful - ly sing And praise Him, our

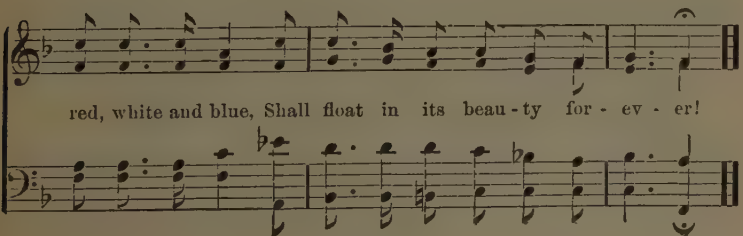
CHORUS.



soul-thrill-ing cho - rus.
fame and their glo - ry. } O land of the free, the brave and the true,
Rock and Sal - va - tion. }



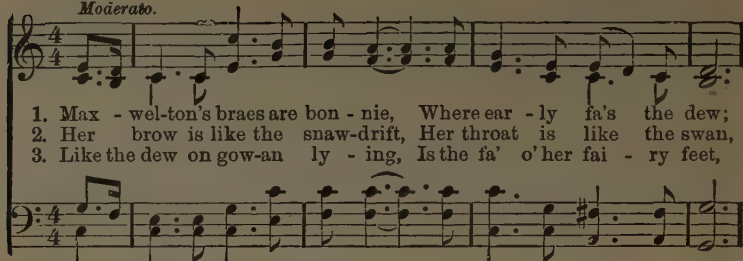
O land that no ty - rant shall sev - er, Thy em - blem of peace, the



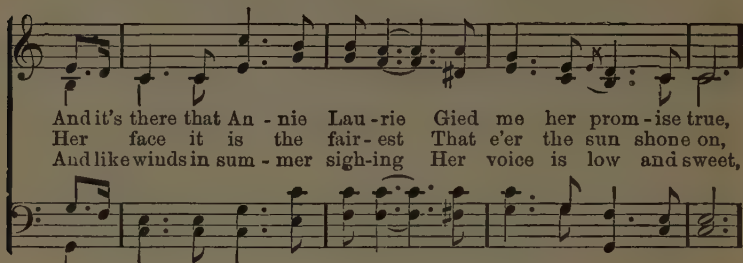
red, white and blue, Shall float in its beau - ty for - ev - er!

Mr. Douglas.

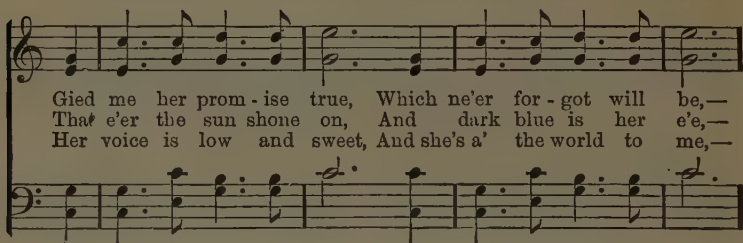
Alice A. Spottiswoods.

Modérato.


1. Max - wel-ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew;
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan,
 3. Like the dew on gow-an ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fai - ry feet,



And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie Gied me her prom - ise true,
 Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on,
 And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing Her voice is low and sweet,



Gied me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be,—
 That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,—
 Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me,—

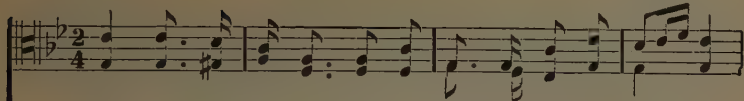


And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.
 And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.
 And for bon-nie An - nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.

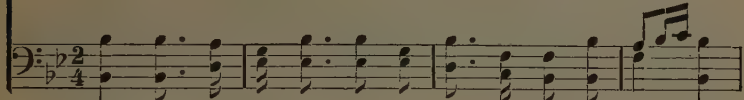
133 Oft in the Stilly Night.

Thos. Moore.

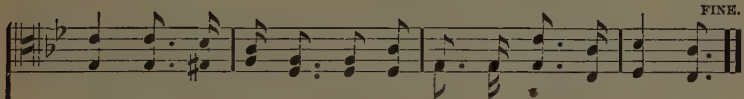
J. Stevenson.



1. Oft in the still - y night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,
2. When I re - mem - ber all the friends, so linked to - geth - er,



D. C.—Thus, in the still - y night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me;



FINE.

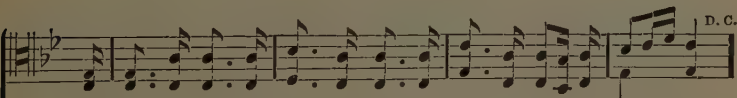
Fond mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me,
I've seen a - round me fall, like leaves in win - try weath - er,—



Sad mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me.



The smiles, the tears of childhood's years, the words of love then spo - ken,
I feel like one, who treads a - lone some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed,



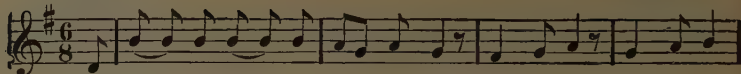
D. C.

The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, the cheerful hearts now broken:
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but him de - part - ed;

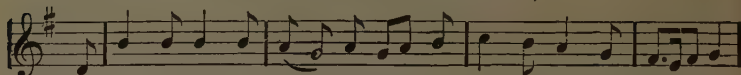


G. P. Stowe.

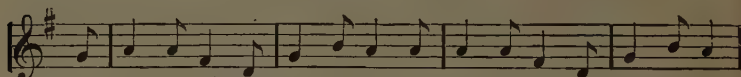
T. Cook, arr.



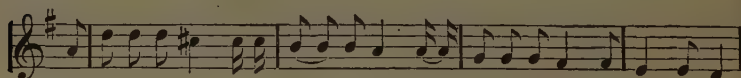
- | | | |
|---|----------|----------|
| 1ST VOICE. | 2ND V. | 3RD V. |
| 1. I'm ver - y fond of a so - cial glass: | So am I. | So am I. |
| 2ND VOICE. | 3RD V. | 1ST V. |
| 2. I like with a friend an hour to pass: | So do I. | So do I. |
| 3RD VOICE. | 1ST V. | 2ND V. |
| 3. I love to sing a Temp'rance glee: | So do I. | So do I. |



1ST V. It makes the time so pleasantly pass, And fills the heart with pleas - ure.
 2ND V. But ne - ver with the "so - cial glass," Un - less it be cold wa - ter.
 3RD V. I long to see th'in - e - bri - ate free, And ev - ery moderate drink - er.

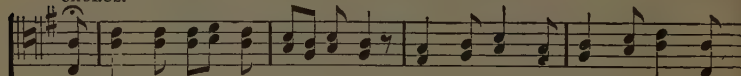


2ND V. Ah! wa - ter pure doth brighter shine Than brandy, rum, or sparkling wine;
 3RD V. No! friendship's joys are so di - vine, They never should be pledged with wine.
 1ST V. I'm glad to meet with friends so true, For I have long been temp'rate too.

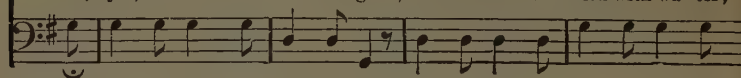


2ND V.	1ST V.	2ND V.	3RD V.
But sad is the fix if the liquors you mix.	Oh, I never do that.	Nor I.	Nor I.
1ST V.	2ND V.	3RD V.	1ST V.
Perhaps you may think that I love strong drink.	I certainly do.	And I.	Not I.
2ND V.	3RD V.	1ST V.	ALL. (slow)
Then I understand he's a Temperance man,	I reckon he is.	You're right.	All's right.

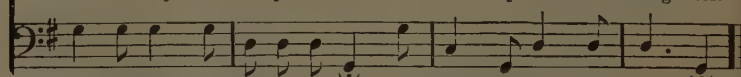
CHORUS.



Oh, yes, we love the so - cial glass, But it must be filled with wa - ter;



Wis - dom says be tem - per - ate now To ev - ery son and daugh - ter.



NOTE.—Three friends meet. No. 1 is not known as an abstainer. Nos. 2 and 3 are pledged. No. 1 sings in praise of "the social glass." Nos. 2 and 3 give their ideas on the subject, and ultimately find that No. 1 agrees with them.

Alfred Tennyson.

Joseph Barnby.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon, Rest, rest,

breath - e and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - - - ver the
 on mother's breast, Father will come to thee soon; O - ver the roll - ing
 Father will come to his

Fa - - - ther will

wa - ters go, Come from the moon and blow,
 wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver

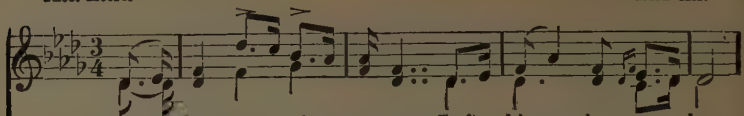
come to his babe. Sil - - - ver sails out of the west.

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
 moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....

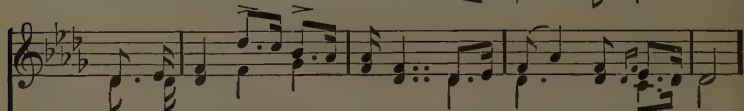
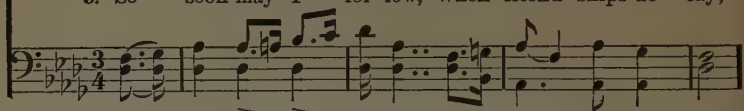
136 The Last Rose of Summer.

Thos. Moore.

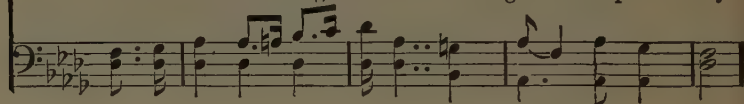
Irish Air.



1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom - ing a - lone,
2. I'll not leaveth thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem;
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de - cay;

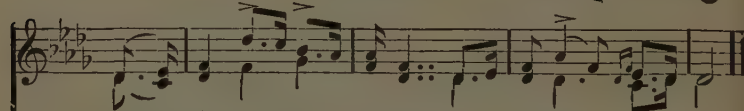
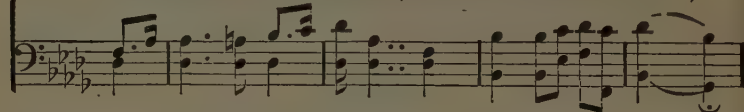


All her love - ly com - panions Are fad - ed and gone;
Since the love - ly are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them;
And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way!

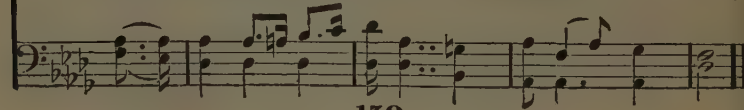


Ritard.

No flower of her kindred, No rose - bud is nigh
Thus, kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
When true hearts are withered, And fond ones are flown,



To re - flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scentless and dead.
Oh! who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone?

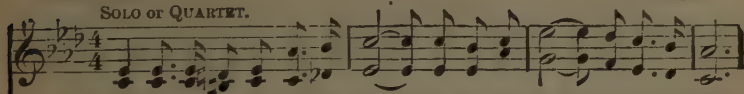


137 Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

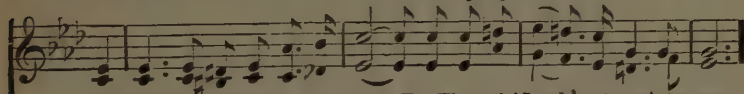
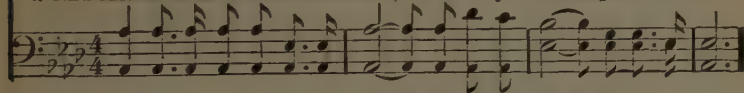
Emma Willard.

Jos. P. Knight.

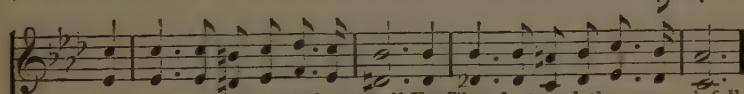
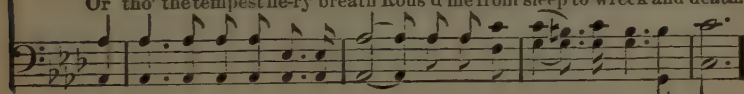
SOLO or QUARTET.



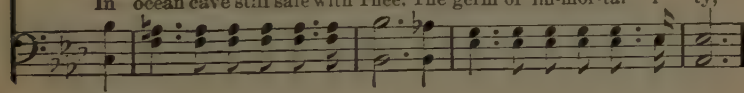
1. Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep.
2. And such the trust that still weremine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,



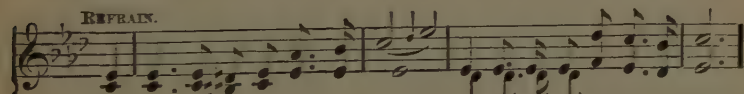
Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, oh! Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or tho' the tempest fiery breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death.



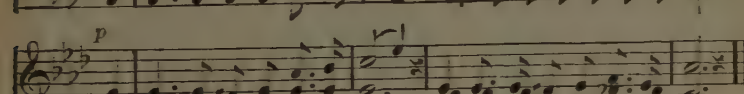
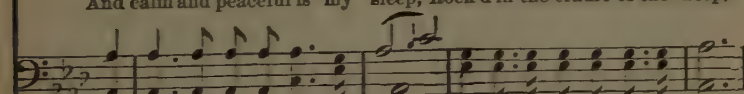
I know thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
In ocean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty;



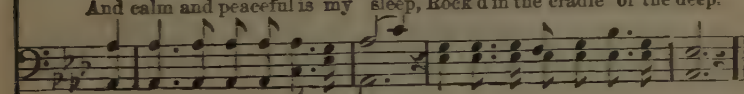
REFRAIN.



And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.



And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.



Samuel Woodworth.

[SOLO OR QUARTET.]

G. Kiallmark.

1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When
The or - chard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, And
2. { That moss-covered buck-et I hailed as a treas-ure, For
I found it the source of an ex-qui-site pleas-ure, The

D. S. CHO.—The old oak-en buck-et; the i-ron-bound buck-et, The

FINE.

fond rec-ol-lec-tion pre-sents them to view! } { The wide, spreading
ev-ry loved spot which my in-fan-cy knew, } { The cot of my
oft-en at noon, when re-turned from the field, } { How ar-dent I
pur-est and sweetest that na-ture can yield. } { Then soon, with the

moss-cover'd buck-et that hung in the well.

pond, and the mill that stood by it. The bridge and the rock where the
fa-ther, the dai-ry-house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that
seized it, with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white-pebbled
em-blem of truth o-ver-flow-ing, And dripping with coolness, it

D. S. for CHORUS.

3.

cat-a-ract fell, }
hung in the well, }
bot-tom it fell, }
rose from the well. }

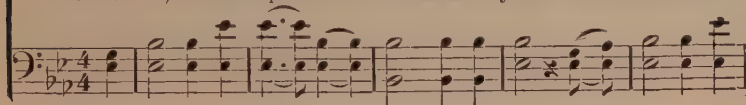
How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full-blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well;
CHO.—The old oaken bucket, etc.

John H. Payne.

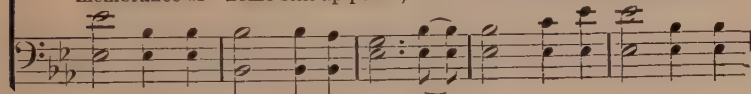
Henry B. Bishop.



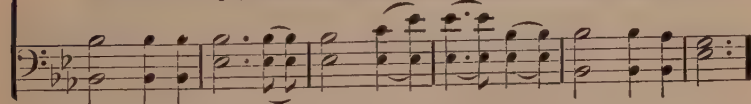
1. 'Mid pleasures and pal-a-ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain— O give me my
3. To us, in de - spite of the ab - sence of years How sweet—the re -



hum - ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to
low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly that
membrance of home still ap-pears; From allurements abroad which but



hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
came at my call, Give me them with the peace of mind dear - er than all.
flat - ter the eye, The un-sat-is-fied heart turns, and says with a sigh,—



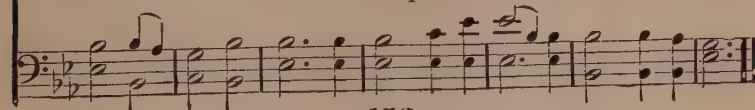
REFRAIN.



Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home!

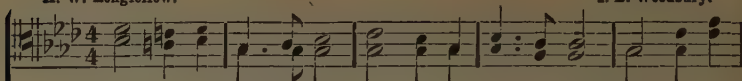
There's no place like home!



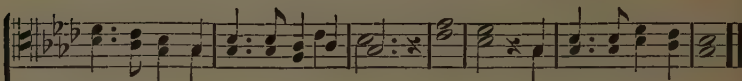
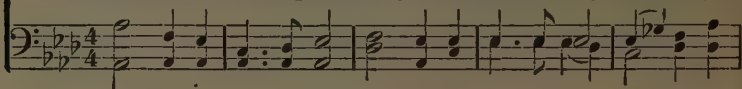
140 Stars of the Summer Night.

H. W. Longfellow.

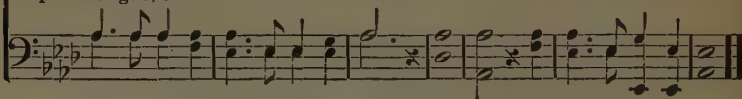
I. B. Woodbury.



1. Stars of the summer night! Far in yon a-zure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the summer night! Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in
3. Wind of the summer night! Where yonder woodbine creeps, Fold, fold your



golden light;
si-lent light;
pinions light; } She sleeps, my lady sleeps! She sleeps, she sleeps, my lady sleeps!



141 God Bless our Native Land.

John S. Dwight.

Robert Lowry.



1. God bless our na-tive land; Firm may she ev-er stand,
2. For her our pray'r shall rise To God a-bove the skies,



Thro' storm and night; When the wild tem-pests rave, Ru-ler of
On Him we wait; Thou who art ev-er nigh, Guarding with



God Bless our Native Land.—Concluded.

wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
 watch - ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the State!

142

God of our Fathers.

Rudyard Kipling.

I. B. Woodbury.

1. God of our fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle-line,
2. The tum-ult and the shouting dies; The captains and the kings de-part;
3. Far call'd, our navies melt a - way, On dune and headland sinks the fire,

Beneath whose awful hand we hold Do-min-ion o - ver palm and pine;
 Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An humble and a con-trite heart;
 And all our pomp of yes - ter-day, Is one with Nin-e - veh and Tyre;

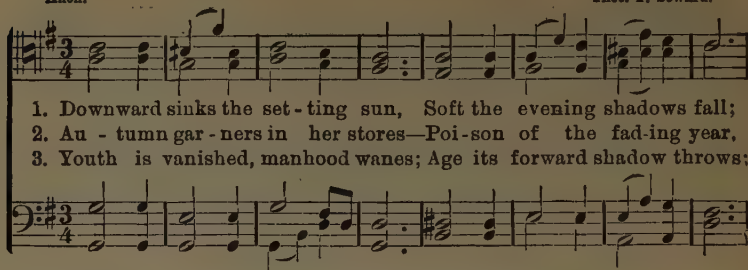
ritard......

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for - get.

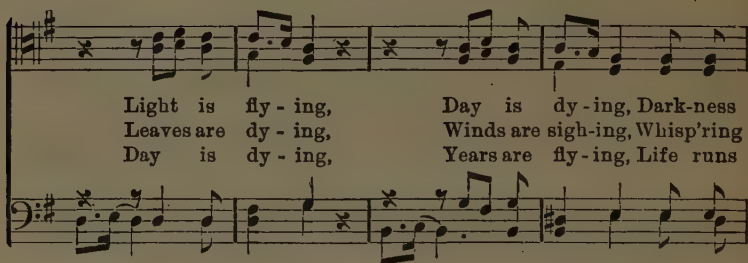
143 Downward Sinks the Setting Sun.

Anon.

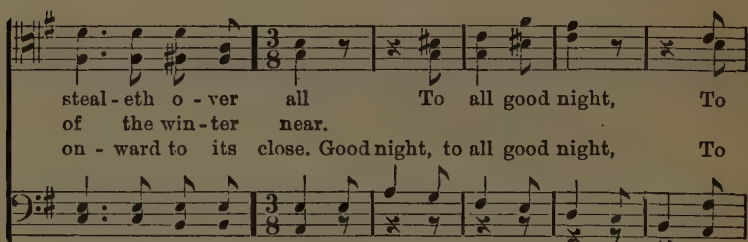
Theo. F. Seward.



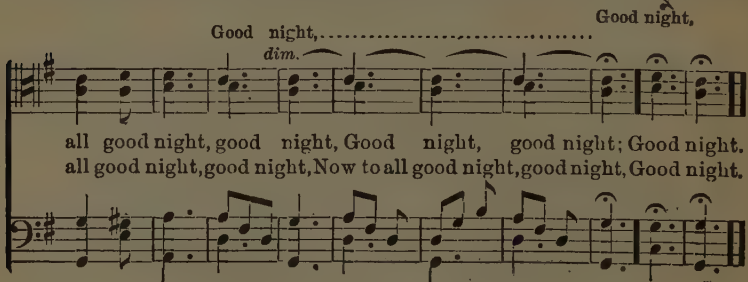
1. Downward sinks the set-ting sun, Soft the evening shadows fall;
 2. Au - tumn gar - ners in her stores—Poi-son of the fad-ing year,
 3. Youth is vanished, manhood wanes; Age its forward shadow throws;



Light is fly - ing, Day is dy - ing, Dark-ness
 Leaves are dy - ing, Winds are sigh-ing, Whisp'ring
 Day is dy - ing, Years are fly-ing, Life runs



steal - eth o - ver all To all good night, To
 of the win-ter near.
 on - ward to its close. Good night, to all good night, To



Good night,..... Good night,
dim.
 all good night, good night, Good night, good night; Good night.
 all good night, good night, Now to all good night, good night, Good night.

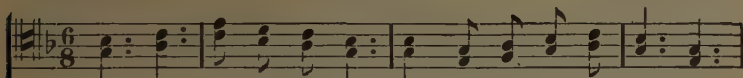
Good night, good night,

144 Come, Love, Hasten with Me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

[SERENADE.]

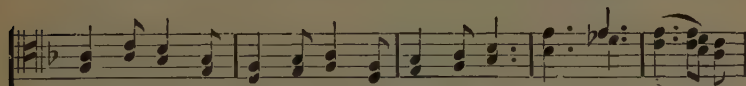
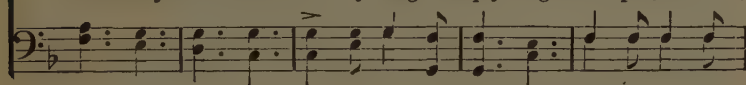
Hubert P. Main.



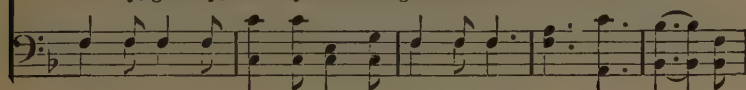
1. Come, love, hast-en with me, Stars in beau-ty are glow-ing;
2. Soft winds car - ol of thee, Dear one, peace-ful-ly sleep-ing;
3. Night dews murmur thy name, Wake! the moments are fly - ing;



O'er the bil - low, light-ly, light-ly row-ing: Joy will call the
O'er thy pil - low, love, a watch is keep-ing; Yet, im - pa-tient
From thy win-dow to my song re - ply - ing—Whisper, dear one,



si-lent echoes From their caverns dark and deep. Come, love, come! and
I would rouse thee; I would break thy tranquil rest. Come, etc.
soft - ly, gen-tly, Bid my throbbing heart be still. Come, etc.



o'er the rippling tide, Night's fair queen our barque will guide.



145 There's Music in the Air.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Geo. F. Root.

1. There's mu-sic in the air When the ear-ly morn is night,
 2. There's mu-sic in the air When the noon-tide's sultry beam
 3. There's mu-sic in the air When the twilight's gen-tle sigh

And faint its blush is seen On the bright and laughing sky;
 Re-flects a gold-en light In the dis-tant mountain stream;
 Is lost in evening's breast, As its pen-sive beauties die;

Many a harp's ec-stat-ic sound, With its thrill of joy profound,
 When beneath some grateful shade, Sorrow's ach-ing head is laid,
 Then, O then, the loved ones gone, Wake the pure ce-les-tial song;

While we list en-chanted there, To the mu-sic in the air.
 Sweet-ly to the spir-it there, Comes the mu-sic in the air.
 An-gel-voic-es greet us there, In the mu-sic in the air.

INDEX.

NOTE.—Songs marked thus, *, are particularly appropriate for Funeral Services.

Titles in SMALL CAPS—First Lines in Roman.

	NO.		NO.
A CALL in thunder tones is heard ..	129	H AIL COLUMBIA	126
A HELPING HAND	10	HAIL HIM VICTORIOUS!	33
A LITTLE WHILE	23	Hark, hark! my soul! angelic songs..	80
A ship swung out from her moorings..	64	H ARK! THE TRUMPET	4
A SONG OF HEAVEN AND HOMELAND ..	8	Hark! the trumpet sounding	92
A SONG OF PRAISE	73	Hast Thou room, O blessed Saviour?..	72
A storm was on the ocean wild	103	Hast thou trimmed thy lamp, my ..	14
A FTER	108	Hear again the joyful cry	31
After the shower the tranquil	108	H E CALLETH THEE	31
All hail to the flag with its colors ..	131	H E GOETH FORTH	75
A MERICA. 6s & 4s.	124	H E LIVES	59
A NNIE LAURIE	132	H E WHO SAFELY KEEPETH	34
A RT THOU WILLING TO BE WHOLE? ..	89	H OLD THOU MY HAND	22
* A SLEEP IN JESUS!	120	H OLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE ..	1
As Thou wilt, O Saviour, lead us	28	H OME, SWEET HOME	139
At the pool of old Bethesda	89	How dear to this heart are the	138
		H OW FIRM A FOUNDATION	39
		H YMN TO THE FLAG	131
B ATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC ..	127		
B EAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS	61	I AM REDEEMED	117
Beautiful sea, O beautiful sea	49	I COULD NOT DO WITHOUT THEE ..	53
B E NEATH THE CROSS	13	I , John, saw the Holy City	123
B E STRONG!	44	I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY ..	54
B E STRONG, O SOLDIER OF THE CROSS..	6	I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR	115
B IRD WITH A BROKEN WING	112	I walked through the woodland	112
B LUE GALILEE	37	I was wandering, sad and weary	85
B OW DOWN THINE EAR	95	If any little word of ours	61
		I'm very fond of a social glass	134
C OLUMBIA, the gem of the ocean ..	128	In the land of strangers	18
C OME, LOVE, HASTEN WITH ME ..	144	I N THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE ..	91
C OME, SINNER, COME!	100	I S THERE ROOM?	72
* C OME UNTO ME	116	I T IS JUST A STEP	45
C ONSECRATION HYMN	57	I T SHALL BE WELL WITH THEE	103
D ESCEND, O FLAME	113	J ESUS CALLS US	11
D OWNWARD SINKS THE SETTING ..	143	J ESUS, MY ALL	30
D RIFTING AWAY FROM THE SAVIOUR ..	43	J ESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME	88
		J UST AS I AM	12
E VENING PRAYER	92		
		K EEP US, SAVIOUR, DAY BY DAY ..	28
* F ADING away like the stars	119		
		L AST HOPE. 7s.	1
G IVE US A MAN!	19	* L EAD, KINDLY LIGHT	69
G OD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND! ..	141	L END A HELPING HAND	93
G od is riding forth to conquest	4	* L ET MR SLEEP	90
G OD OF OUR FATHERS	142	L ET THE BLESSED SAVIOUR IN	15
G od of the Dew	71	L IFE'S MIRROR	3
G OD OMNIPOTENT	71	L IGHT OF LIFE	25
G OD SHALL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS ..	123		
* G OOD NIGHT, MY BROTHER	65		

INDEX.

	NO.		NO.
LOOKING UPWARD	106	Somebody near you is struggling.....	10
LOOK NOT BEHIND THEE	70	Some day the silver cord	40-109
LORD, AS TO THY DEAR CROSS	26	Sometimes I hear strange music	8
Lord, at Thy mercy-seat	30	SPEAK A WORD FOR JESUS	48
MARCH ON	52	SPEED AWAY.....	35
Maxwelton's braes are bonnie	132	SPEED ON THE WINGS	68
'Mid pleasures and palaces	139	SPREAD THE SAILS	63
Mine eyes have seen the glory of	127	STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.....	140
More zeal for the Master, more faith	50	STILL, STILL WITH THEE	20
My country, 'tis of thee!	124	SWEET AND LOW	135
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE	41	TEMPERANCE GLEE.....	134
MY SHIP IS COMING IN.....	2	*THE CHRISTIAN'S GOOD-NIGHT.....	86
My weary soul a rest hath found.....	94	THE GOSPEL TRUMPET SOUNDS.....	36
*NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE	96	*THE HOMELAND!.....	114
NEVER WEARY	110	THE KING OF LOVE	104
NO HAND BUT THINE.....	27	THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.....	136
NO ILL CAN HARM.....	42	THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.....	105
NOT YET.....	83	The mists are hanging low.....	29
NOW.....	111	The ocean is wide	74
NOW THE DAY IS OVER	24	THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.....	138
O BEAUTIFUL SEA	49	*THE SANUS OF TIME	76
BE WATCHFUL, EVER WATCHFUL.....	14	THE SHEPHERD TRUE	85
O HEART OF MINE	102	THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.....	125
O my Redeemer.....	87	THE STORM OF LIFE	17
O PARADISE.....	60	THE UNSEEN SHORE	29
O ROCK OF AGES	84	THE WATCH ON THE RHINE	129
O WONDROUS THOUGHT!	62	There are loyal hearts, there are.....	3
O'ershadowed by Thy mighty wings.....	42	*THERE IS A PARADISE OF REST	21
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT	133	THERE'S A BEAUTIFUL SONG	58
Oh, my Father, I have sinned	57	There is work that we can do	81
Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's	125	THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.....	145
Once I stood upon a mountain	83	Thou art my shield, O Lord, my God	78
ONLY A LITTLE WHILE	118	THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.....	32
*ONLY A RIVER BETWEEN US	121	THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.....	97
*ONLY REMEMBERED	119	THY LOVE WILL HIDE ME STILL	78
*On the Resurrection morning	98	'Tis the last rose of summer.....	136
ONWARD TO THE PRIZE	92	To die and yet to live again	62
OPEN THE FLOOD GATES	50	TRIM THY LAMP	51
OUR NATIVE LAND	130	Trusting in the Saviour's name	111
*OUT OF THE SHADOW-LAND	38	UNDER HIS WINGS	99
PILGRIMS OF NIGHT	80	WAKE, for the yoke of our bondage	54
Praise the Lord, our Rock eternal.....	75	Waves dash around me	9
PRaise YE THE FATHER	47	We are not here to play, to dream	44
RED, WHITE AND BLUE.....	128	WE CAN ONLY LOOK TO JESUS	7
R REMEMBER ME, O MIGHTY ONE!	16	WE KNOW NOT	56
REST WITH THE CHANGELESS ONE	9	WE MAY NOT CLIMB	94
*RESURRECTION MORN	98	*WE SHALL MEET	67
RING THE BELLS.....	101	WELCOME, WANDERER, WELCOME	18
ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.....	137	WHAT A FRIEND THOU ART TO ME	87
*SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS	107	When pearly noonbeams	37
*SAVED BY GRACE	43-109	When storms around are sweeping	16
Saviour, breathe an evening	82	WHEN THE MORNING BLUSHES	5
SEALED ORDERS	64	When the twilight shadows gather	106
*SERENITY. C. M.....	94	WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?.....	79
*SHALL WE MEET?	66	Where is my wandering boy to-night?	79
SHOW YOUR COLORS	55	WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?	77
*Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take.....	86	While Jesus whispers to you	100
Soldiers for the King of glory	110	WHILE THE YEARS ARE ROLLING BY.....	81
		*WILL THERE BE LIGHT FOR ME?.....	46
		WIND AND TIDE	74
		With filial love we cling to Thee.....	130

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80

20



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